The Innkeeper

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Harry Potter, OMC, Dimitriv, Fenrir Greyback, Tom Riddle | Voldemort, Sirius Black, Amelia Bones, Remus Lupin, Severus Snape, Eileen Prince, Pandora Lovegood, Albus Dumbledore, Luna Lovegood, Lucius Malfoy, Draco Malfoy, Narcissa Black Malfoy, Hermione Granger, Ron Weasley, Bellatrix Black Lestrange

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Andy's Faves, Hp random love, Top-Tier Complete Tomarrymort Fics, one of the good HP fics, 🐰Bunni's Harry Potter favorites⚡, Talullah’s favorite HP fanfics, completed_Zmark, stories to read AKIRA, Re-read a thousand times, HPStoriesForTheWin, Again and

Again, THE 🎵 UBIQ ☠ THE 🎭 UNIQUE 🌹, Violent Zombies Faves, HP actual magical worldbuilding, Hidden Jewels, Amazing fics to reread, Unique fics I will never tire of, 💙ONLY THE BEST 💙, 🪄Harry Potter Works, Approved Tomharry Fic That Worth to Re-read

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The Innkeeper

by Lerya

Summary

Dimitriv had been the Innkeeper for a number of years, never finding an heir to take over, leaving him - with his immortal life - to watch over the Inn and the creatures that came by for sanctuary, food or just a talk.

But that all changes when he finds a baby on a doorstep in a subburb, on a cold winter night, taking the child with him and quickly realising he has found his heir. Disrupting quite a few plans in the process, while endearing him with Death for taking his Chosen to grow up where he could make a difference.

Join Harry's journey as he becomes the next Innkeeper, part of a secret society, that still follow the Olde Ways of Magic, and don't let anything as a non-human appearance fool him into thinking the person sitting in front of him was some kind of monster.

Notes

Here's a new one! It will be quite slow though, but there will be weekly updates, and I hope to be able to build quite the storyline!

This is being translated into Spanish by the amazing Yennifer; here

This is translated into Portugese by Maah_Batista; here

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Português brasileiro available: O Estalajadeiro by Maah_batista
- Translation into Español available: The Innkeeper [Traducción] by JENNIFERSIZA

Chapter 1

Dimitriv couldn't help but blink at what he was seeing in this totally ordinary and quite frankly boring neighbourhood. He had been here for a meeting with some other vampires, who were using the cover of this suburban neighbourhood to appear as people constantly working a night shift.

Giving them the ability to blend in seemingly with the Muggle population here, but also be able to live without fear at being persecuted by the Wizards, who in recent years, had forgotten all about the Olde Ways and the way them and their creature cousins were linked in ways lost forever.

Sighing, he couldn't help but take a peak at the bundle left out on the doorstep, and when it moved, he didn't think twice about picking it up. His non-beating heart froze as he realised a child had been left here, on this doorstep at the start of Winter, on a cold and frozen November morning.

Shaking his head, he couldn't believe that someone would do this to a babe, even more so when he could feel magic, potent magic at that, coming off of the child. All the while the house the child was laying didn't even smell of it, stank of Muggles before anything else.

Hearing something crunch, he found a letter tucked within the folds of the blanket wrapped around the baby, recognizing the handwriting and sneering at it.

It wasn't that surprising that the Old Fool was caught up in this, ever since rumour spread that he had been the witness of a prophecy most of the creature community was making themselves ready to hide.

The old man didn't make it a secret what he thought about the creature community, and would love to have it eradicated, even if doing so would cost him his magic (not that he knew that - the heretic).

Curiosity won out in the end, making him open the letter, and sneer even more, to know that he had condemned an innocent family to death, all so his so-called prophecy could come to fruition. There hadn't been a real seer for ages, at least not in the lines known for them - as they held too much human blood to manifest the gifts given to them by their ancestors.

But this babe, which he held in his hands, was prophesied to be the Savior of the World.

He scoffed, unless Mother Magic appeared in front of him at this very moment, he didn't believe one for one second that the so-called prophecy Dumbledore heard was real.anyhow - but most likely a ploy to put an end to the support the Dark Lord had been gathering.

Thinking about the young wizard, for he was still young compared to Dimitriv, hurt - he had been so promising, accepting the blessing Mother Magic had bestowed upon him. Only to have it taken away by a delusional Old Fool.

Looking back at the baby, he couldn't help but see the resemblance the baby had with the Potter child, so Dumbledore had the Potter couple acting as bait, killing both of them and was now leaving their child alone with Muggles.

Shaking his head, he couldn't believe the old man was so blinded by the lies he believed that he would chance a magical child getting killed in a muggle household, as had been happening since the time of the founders.

It was one of the reasons the school had been founded in the first place, to give those with Muggle parents, or guardians, a place to stay - away from their abuse, and the chance that they would lose another one of their children to the narrow mindness of Muggles.

This seemed to be something the Old man was incapable of comprehending. That by allowing children to stay with Muggles, was to condemn part of a generation, as some of them would never make it back. Making sure they had a family to turn back to, who were magical, should be prioritised. But with the ruling body not up to date with rules existing since the start of magical civilisation, there was nothing they could do about it.

After all, they were the bloodthirsty monsters for turning people into one of their own, children who according to the Olde Rules were to be placed with their Sire or Maker, who had as much say on their wellbeing as a biological parent had.

But those practices were forgotten and the children they did turn were found dead, by their own hand or their families, or were taken into a society they would become a pariah off - leaving them on the outskirts of it, longing to belong with them, but also longing to be with their own kind - only to have the dogma being spread make them love themselves less and think of themselves as the monsters they were depicted as.

Dimitriv looked down at the babe sleeping in his arms, this might not be his Childe, but who knew what might happen in the future. For now, he did know he would take the child with him, raise him as his own and hopefully give them a fighting chance to go preserve their way of life, instead of losing it to the narrow minded and simplistic vision the Ministry was using.

Pulling the child close, he turned on his heel and disappeared from the

suburbs of Surrey, taking one of the key players with him.

Something that would not be discovered until the Hogwarts letters were send out, by which time it would be too late to get the boy to change his views about what he saw, experienced and was taught from the other side of the spectrum - a side that had been pushed back, belittled and which had made plans to break with the magical humans for good, in an effort to save themselves, as they doomed themselves to be without magic within the next 3 generations or so.

Before he could arrive at his destination however, he could feel something swiping them of their path.

Coming to a stop made him clutch the babe all the closer, he had no idea what was going on and what was happening. But he made a promise to himself to keep an eye our for the small chins in his arms, so that was what he was going to do.

A chuckle made him look up however, eyes going wide as he saw just who was standing there.

"My lord Death."

Tha man standing in front if him was tall, at least 6ft 2, with dark hair combed back and pale skin contradicting quite nicely with his hair- and eye colour. Both were such a deep black that they seemed to absorb the light around them.

Th man was also dressed in a three piece suit, black, with a dark grey

shirt and white tie, looking every inch like a Muggle Business man, except for the aura around him that declared him far above mere Mortals.

"I know you said that you would only believe this child was prophecy bound if Mother appeared, but I am afraid she is rather busy."

Dimitriv gasped at the babe in his arms, "but he is prophecy bound?"

Death hummed, "not in the way you think, and certainly not in the way dumbledore thinks, the Old Fool.

No, the little boy in your arms is bound to me."

Blinking a few times at the Primordial Being, Dimitriv couldn't help but look between the baby and Death, disbelief in his eyes.

"But, My Lord, he doesn't smell of you!?"

Death nodded, "in another life it would take me well past his 17th birthday to take him as my own, and bestow upon him these gifts I bear. He is to be my heir in the near future, after all. But certain obstacles were in place to keep me from him. But now that you've taken him, Child of the Night, a whole new path opens.

By doing this, and raising him as your own, raising him among those who represent the Magical Community better than what the Wizards are going now, you're going to give him the kind information he's going to need after. Because sadly he will still be needed to clean up the mess the Wizarding Community had caused, together with the one known as Voldemort.

If Harry here never gets raised - and that's a very loosely used term - by Muggles and swept away by the dogma that is the Wizarding World, we will all stand a much better chance at what is to follow."

Dimitriv swallowed, "You mean that we get a chance for everything to go back to the Olde Ways?"

Death nodded, "The Dark Lord was on the right track on getting them implemented again, or at least to get people to think about them again - next to his devoted followers, not a lot of the Wizarding Community even knows where it is they get their magic from, never mind that the very same beings they keep locking out are in fact their cousins.

I digress, the Dark Lord was doing an admirable job, but Dumbledore found out, which we all know is not a good thing, especially not when the man might preach about acceptance and that in front of an audience, he wants nothing more than to eradicate the part of the Magical Community that is not human (which he will find out is all of it).

He put a stop to the operations of the Dark Lord by leaking a prophecy that spelled of his downfall, and the man, fearing his task would come to an end, took the bait and lost his body because of that."

Dimitriv nodded, still feeling the terror at hearing that the greatest Dark Lord of all time, Mother's Chosen Champion, had lost to a mere babe. He suspected something else might be going on, but still. To hear that this is all a set-up by Dumbledore.

"And Dumbledore wants to raise this child as a pig for slaughter then, to keep putting him up against a formidable wizard already in his prime, all to give the Wizarding World the sensation they want, and to

give him a way of getting rid of his last obstacle without getting his hands dirty."

Death nodded, "he wants the boy in this household, as the Muggles are known to abhor anything unnatural, he would grow up abused, neglected, and when he sweeps in - the boy would clutch him like a lifeline, giving him the perfect little puppet."

Dimitriv shook his head. "That's just awful And what for, because Dumbldedore doesn't get that we get our magic from the very creature inheritance he despites, nor does he even believe in Mother Magic, which is odd giving the family his father descends from."

Death nodded, "he does not want to see that which is right in front of him. Dumbledore has convinced himself that Magic is given by evolution, and not by a primordial being. But for now, letting him go on, will not bring a lot of good for either of us."

"Too many deaths, you mean."

Death nodded, "that and it will be the foreboding of a lot more deaths to follow. I am happy you interfered, Vampire, to take that child away from the doorstep you found him on. Raise him well, with the same open mindedness you hold, Innkeeper. I'll hold the wizards from your door."

Before Dimitriv could say anything else, he could feel himself being released from whatever hold Death had on him, making him land in the entrance of his Inn - The Doxy's nest - with the baby in his hands, seeing to his astonishment, the scar once on the boy's head disappearing, but a birthmark taking its place - Death's symbol grew darker and darker on the boy's skin. Making him swallow thickly, Death wasn't joking about this boy being bound to him, he could smell it now, a smell he hadn't smelled in ages - a full blood

necromancer would once again walk among them.

Dimitriv grinned, the future was looking brighter and he was looking forward to whatever it was this boy grew up to be. It was sure to be amazing.

Chapter 2

Integra was sighing from where she was standing behind the bar, waiting for Dimitriv to come back from whatever appointment he went to, all the way in back water Surrey. It wasn't in his doing to be back so late.

Sighing, she looked at those that were at the inn, waiting for the innkeeper to arrive.

Shaking her head, she could still remember finding this place on the end of Knockturn alley, an Inn, not unlike the Leaky Cauldron, but instead of catering to witches and wizards, this Inn catered to supernatural creatures, and those in tune with the creature inside themselves.

The innkeeper, a younger Dimitriv, if one could count a vampire from Roman times younger, had been there to welcome her into the inn, telling her that it was his job to look after everyone that arrives. Looking after them, treating their wounds if it should be needed, gave them a bed and a hot meal, and in case they needed it, he could give them information. Someone of his age knew more than others could dream about.

But, being the innkeeper came at a price, he couldn't leave for long periods of time, and if he did, it would kill him. The Inn was in a way, part of his soul, part of his existence, and until he found a worthy successor, he would be responsible for it.

Many a times has she said she'd take over when he got tired of running this place. But everytime he would just smile and pat her head, shaking his head, "you're not cut out for this, my dear, you're welcome to stay as long as you want, but you'll never be able to own this place."

The first few times she had been mad, but now, as she grew older, she understood that she would be bored of this place in a few years, without being able to leave, she'd never see the world, not in the way that she dreamed about it.

Plus; in the end, she was still only part creature, and mostly human, she'd never live as long as he had done, and as most creatures did. With the undiluted magical blood in their veins, they were made to live much longer than humans.

So, the new Innkeeper had to be someone almost immortal, or as close at it could be, before Dimitriv would give this place up.

Hearing footsteps by the door, she turned and smiled as Dimitriv took a step into the room, only to stop and stare at what he was holding into his hands.

"Is that a child?"

Looking at the bundle in his arms, the vampire nodded, "yes, my heir."

Integra blinked, "you went and stole a child, so it could be your heir?"

Looking around, she saw more than one person looking at the vampire as if he was nuts. Thinking that he had stolen a human child of all things, to become his heir, when he wouldn't let her take over as a quarter fae.

Dimitriv smiled, “use your senses, child, what do you see, what do you smell, what do you perceive?”

Integra tilted her head, forgoing her ‘normal’ senses, and tuning into the ones she so rarely used. Blinking once, twice, and once more before gasping.

“A Necromancer.”

Dimitriv nodded, “a chosen by Death, who had been left on the doorstep of a muggle family on a chilly November morning, left there to be kneaded and moulded into following Albus Dumbledore.”

Integra blinked again, “you mean that is the Potter child?”

Dimitriv nodded, “one destined to become Master of Death, and a necromancer like no one has ever soon, not since the Olde Gods walked the Earth. Lord Death himself told me that this was his chosen, and that by taking him away from his mother's relatives, I made sure he had a way of giving him those gifts he would receive either way.

By raising him, I will get an heir I have waited a long time on, and the Inn will get a new Innkeeper, who will stay with it until the ends of time, and who will learn our ways, instead of those of the wizards. Who will learn what it was, before these humans started to burge and burn, and kill all those not human enough for them.

It was them that ended the Olde Gods, and it is them that is taking away the magic in the population. But they will never see it like that, not without those willing to see leading them. And we all know Albus Dumbledore will never see that which is in front of his crooked nose. All he sees are humans with magic, and the power to use that magic to co-exist with the Muggles. Not taking into account that breeding with

the non-magicals will only result in squibs, stillborns or miscarriages."

Integra blinked once more, "so you're telling me that Death himself, the Olde God, told you about this boy and that he was chosen by him?"

Dimitric grinned and nodded, tilting the baby towards her, and showing her the birthmark that was forming on his forehead, the sign of the Deathly Hallows, and the sign of those chosen by Death - like the Peverell's had once been chosen - to fight for the Magical community, and to make sure that what was prophesied wouldn't come to past.

"You actually want me to believe you found a baby necromancer in some suburb in Surrey?"

Dimitriv just nodded, before turning and taking the baby with him towards his quarters, as he had expected, his rooms were already prepared for the new addition to his family, chosen by death, who would bring a new kind of chaos to the Inn. One he couldn't wait to see what it would bring.

Downstairs, Integra started making drinks again, talking to the regulars, like the pair of banshees at the bar, the werewolf in the dark corner and a family of vampires that shared the best gossip everytime they arrived.

Sighing, she looked up as Kayleigh and Ciara looked up from whatever it was they had been reading and smiled at her.

"Isn't it exciting, darling, a Necromancer, walking among us again,

after so many years."

Integra tilted her head, "there have been lots of necromancers over the years, haven't there, I know the Dark Lord had a fair hand at the arts."

Ciara shook her head, "there are those arts that can be learned by study, but to be a Necromancer, is to be a chosen by Death, to see the world as He sees it, and to share his gifts, even if one isn't an Olde God. That boy that Dimitriv found, he's going to bring a wind of change, I can already feel it."

Mulling over everything that she had been told, Integra couldn't help but think that a Necromancer must be something really special, if the banshee pair spoke so revealing about them.

The vampire family, most likely having heard what had been said, smiled at her, "necromancers, at one point where the only chosen of the Olde Gods still among us, so their word was law. They after all, saw the world as the Olde Gods did, and knew what needed to happen to make sure everything stayed in order - instead of falling into decay, as it has been doing for a number of years now."

One of the others elaborated, "having a Necromancer among us, is like, someone close we can speak to, but through whom we can also speak to the Olde Gods, plus as they get their powers from such primordial beings, they can use it however they wish. They are not bound by wands, or spells, or even incantations. They can just use magic like the Gods can, with a thought and a wave of their hand."

Dimitriv, who had appeared behind her, cleared his throat, "but as with anything, those humans couldn't deal with something that was so above their understanding, so they killed it, killed the last Necromancer to walk the Earth, and with their death made the last of

the Olde Gods leave too.

To know that Death is watching over us, gives us a feeling of safety, as He will always be there, he is always watching, and he will still be there watching when you actually die. Waiting to enclose you into his embrace and take you away to the after life.

A Necromancer gives you that feeling, that comfort every moment they are with you. They give out the same aura as Death does, comforting us on such an instinctive level, that having them close, having them here, will only mean that we will come together again as a community."

Integra sighed, "you mean it will bring those out of hiding, who went into it, to escape everything the humans were doing to the planet."

Dimitriv nodded, "that is what I hope, that with the boy here, people will once again realise what the Inn actually is, and that they don't need to be afraid. That the Inn is a fortress which will never fall, not as long as there is an Innkeeper, and with me as the present one and Hadrian as the future one, it will stand for eons to come."

Integra hummed, looking around and seeing the look of wonder in the face of those present. Even the werewolf, usually so alone, and silent, was sitting at the edge of his seat, his pointy teeth grinning in a wide smile.

His deep raspy voice sounded as he spoke, "a Necromancer, like Death, can see right through you. There is no use in lying to them, or trying to hide what it is you want to do. Nothing like that sticks with them, they look at you and see all the way to your soul. And it they like what they see, they will help you.

If they don't, there are stories of Necromancers just taking someone's soul, even before their time, because they tried to deceive them. With them back in play, eon old feuds will get put to rest, and even more - there will not be any new ones, as you can't start one if there is someone willing to be an independent judge."

Dimitric chuckled, "that a lot of words there, Fenrir, I didn't know you spoke as much anymore."

The werewolf, Fenrir, scoffed, "I only stopped talking as the Wizards loved to point at me whenever a child gets bitten. I only bite those that need the bite, that would be better off with it, even if the Wizards don't recognize the custom and ostracize the child in question.

I want a strong pack, and I know that I can get it with the help from the Innkeeper, especially now that we know what the next one will be. I look forward to what else is going to happen. As with the Dark Lord's demise, temporarily as it may be, Dumbledore will try to take control of the magical community. And who knows what he'll turn it into."

Integra snorted, "a paradise for Mugglebrons, giving away ages of history and culture, just so those will feel more secure in a community that is very different from their own. But changes itself, at the behest of a Mad Man, so they can fit in."

Most of the people in the Inn snorted at that, knowing all too well that the reason they even had to seek refuge in the Inn was because their race was offensive, or terrifying or a sin towards their God, in the eyes of the Muggleborns. All who never saw that by accepting the changes made, they allowed a culture to be lost - just so they didn't have to deal with all the changes magic brough to their lives.

Dimitriv nodded, a sad look in his eyes, "let us just hope that there is

change on the horizon, that we won't need to keep living in the shadows like this, not with Hadrian here."

Fenrir hefted his glass, "to the new Innkeeper."

The toast was repeated by all of those in the Inn, making Dimitriv smile, he was looking forward to what the next Innkeeper would do.

Chapter 3

The vampire still had the Inn to run after all, he couldn't walk around with Harry every moment of the day. But luckily, the little boy didn't seem to expect that. He was quite happy in his box, or at quiet times, crawling around on the floor, or walking on slightly unsteady legs, keeping hold of anything he could get his hands on, just to stay upright.

If anything, the little boy knew something was different, as there were times he looked around, likely to look for his parents, and would be a little sad afterwards, knowing they weren't there anymore.

But all in all, the little boy was a joy to be around, he was fascinated by the littlest things, loved meeting new people - even if most of the people he met in the Inn were very obviously not human - cried very little, and seemed to enjoy sleeping.

All in all, even with such a drastic change in his life, Dimitriv found it to be one he could easily live with. He could also see the look of joy in his patrons eyes as they saw the little boy, even more so when he approached to be picked up.

The first that had happened, had been with Fenrir, who despite his reputation, loved children, and would do anything to protect children (which had been the main reason he had bitten so many kids, as they were ill, or in a bad place, or just needed something or someone in their lives. But with the ministry forgetting those laws, even after the bite those children wouldn't be given what they needed). Anyway, Fenrir loved kids, but had noticed, that even in the community people were reluctant to hand them to him, just for what went around.

So for Harry to just toddle over to him one morning, unsteady on his legs like most toddlers are, grasping at his pant leg with one hand and putting the other one up, with a butchered version of ‘up’ coming from his lips had made Dimitriv melt, Fenrir right alongside with him, and most of the people in the bar hadn’t been able to resist the urge to coo at the scene.

All in all, the Inn changed with a toddler walking around. Not only did people love seeing Harry, they also seemed to forget other things that ailed them - a child giving them attention they weren’t used to receive anymore, not with the way they were pushed to the very edges of the magical society by the Wizards and Witches who believed themselves to be more than them.

But with the amount of people Harry saw on a daily basis, he got used to these people, and as Death told him, this was what Harry needed. To be raised without the dogma the wizards had about creatures, and the way most of them forgot the Olde Ways and the way it was key to them having magic in the first place.

Dimitriv could see the effect Harry had had on the people of the Inn, before, it was always dark inside, with most of the patrons coming to get away from something - to not have to be where they weren’t safe, or wouldn’t be safe for longer.

The Inn was neutral ground, even if the Wizards had forgotten that, it didn’t take away the spells and enchantments in place, both on the building and on the ground it was built on. Would keep away anyone that sought to harm any of the people inside. The Inn was a place of gathering, and in the Olden Times, it would be the place where treaties were signed and agreements tapped off on.

But now, with the Wizards and Witches, especially the Light ones, forgetting their history and the start of their community, the Inn became more and more a safe haven, or a field hospital even, because Dimitriv had lost count of the number of people who came here just to get help in treating wounds, dispelling a curse cast upon them, or even help in setting broken bones so they would heal right.

Seeing Harry sitting there, in his box, beaming up at the people he recognized, Dimitriv believed that it would and could get better. That by taking Harry from that suburb, he was doing the world a favor, in raising Harry like the next Innkeeper, he was teaching him all the things that had been lost to the Wizards - and would never get taught at Hogwarts, as it had been disposed off as not important enough to know, forgotten and as such didn't help with the adjustments the Light side kept making to so many things in the community, in the hopes of making it more accessible for Muggleborns.

And hadn't that been a headache and a half, that the squibs that had been sent out in the muggle world, had found each other down the line and produced a child that did have an active magical core (imagine that). But instead of having kept the squibs in their world, they sent them out of it - into the non-magical community, which let them to feeling they had to change everything the community had been for eons, just to change it for people that would have grown up in the community in the first place, if their ancestors had been allowed to stay in it.

So, they, as the original inhabitants of the Community, the reason wizards and witches had their magic, were cast aside, as they were scary and much more unnatural then 'humans' with magic. All to accommodate people they had cast out in the first place.

Dimitriv sighed, looking at Harry who had fallen asleep in his box, turning towards Integra who came to stand next to him. The young woman was running a hand through her blond hair, before she turned to look at him.

“I can see what it is you saw in the kid, he has this aura around him that makes people like him. Plus that situation with Fenrir was just too cute.”

Dimitriv gave a smile, “that partly because of his connection to Death, and most likely Magic soon enough. Death, while far away for most of us, is inevitable - and while humans fear it, we all look forward to going back to the start.”

Integra nods, “I can understand that. especially with the way he just seems so happy to see people again. It’s almost as if he doesn’t see the physical attributes some of us have, compared to normal humans.”

Humming, Dimitriv looked at his charge, “I wouldn’t be surprised if he doesn’t see it. Death never minds what you like, after all, He just sees what a person is, or was, instead of looking how someone looks physically.”

Integra hummed, before they fell silent, looking on as the Inn had a slow day, most of the regular patrons coming to have some time away from home, and to be around others, without having to do the whole social interaction thing. Dimitriv had been the Innkeeper for a couple of centuries, and had made a name for himself for keeping to the Olde Ways, and welcoming everyone that the wards let in. Now that he had an heir, people started to realise that the next generation would be just the same - and with Harry being a necromancer, just getting into his powers, he too would be the Innkeeper for a long time to come.

Harry knew something had happened to mommy and daddy, he knew that they wouldn’t be here anymore, and he would never see them

again. Or at least, not see them like before, if he looked around well enough, he could see glimpses of both of them in the corner of his eye.

After mommy and daddy went away, he knew uncle Padfoot had help him for a time, before the tall man had taken him away on uncle's motorcycle.

He didn't know what happened after that, except that he was cold soon after, and woke up to see a man looking down at him. Someone he had never seen before, but who picked him up again, made him warm again - even if the man wasn't as warm as mommy and daddy had been.

He remembered the man talking with someone else, a man, who came to him in his dreams sometimes. His presence always comforted him, like an extra blanket, or a teddy bear. He didn't know the man, but from the look in his eyes, the man did know him - he smiled at him in the way daddy used to smile at him.

He dreamed of a lot of things lately, about the man who had saved him, and the blond woman standing next to him. He could see the man he had seen before too, also with another woman next to him. He didn't know these people, but the first pair were the people he saw everyday since mommy and daddy were gone.

He liked them, just as he liked most of the other people that came into the house he now lived in, they all looked special, but something whispered to him that this shouldn't matter - after all - uncle Moony had looked different too, but he was really sweet and smelled of chocolate.

He also slept a lot, more than he did with mommy and daddy, but every time he woke the man and woman from before were always there, and he liked that. They were around him all the time, just like

mommy and daddy had been - did that mean they were his new mommy and daddy.

“They are not, child.”

Looking up he saw another familiar face, the man who made him feel comforted was standing in front of him.

“Dimitriv, the man, found you and took you away from a place you could never reach your full potential. You won’t remember this conversation most likely, but know that on the path you are now, great and wonderful things will happen to you.

Thanks that will help you in the long run, to make the world, you world, a better place, and able to help those that have been put aside for so long, by the Light Fraction. You will be able to change that all, little Master, I look forward to seeing you grow and what you will accomplish in the years that come.”

With that, the man left again, leaving in a mist that dissolved, letting him see his mommy and daddy for a moment as the man left, before he settled back to sleep, a smile on his face.

Chapter 4

Harry was a very happy boy, he missed momma and daddy at times, and uncle Moony and uncle Padfoot, but he knew he was safe here with the man who had saved him. And who the man who had come to visit him had told him was to be his new guardian.

He guessed guardian was kind of the same as a momma or daddy, just by another name. As he grew older, he tried to call Dimitriv daddy a few times, but the man would just smile sadly at him and shake his head.

“I’m not your father, little one, I will look after you, protect you and nurture you to be the best person as you ever could be, but I can never replace the man who gave his life to protect yours.”

It would take years before Harry realised what he meant by that, but he did learn that he could call his guardian Dimi, or Dimitriv as much as he liked.

The same man who had told him that this was the best place for him, kept on popping up too, kept looking for him and telling him stories, teaching him lessons no one else could teach him. Again, he never realised that this was what was happening, but he realised it a lot later, that the man he had taken to calling Uncle Mort, was indeed Death, and the man had chosen him to be his vessel - a true necromancer, as hadn’t been seen in ages.

The same way Dimitriv had chosen him as heir to take over the Inn, once he realised what was going on in the building. That people came here to get wounds treated that no one else would look at. To get a meal when they couldn’t find anything to eat. Even a bed to rest, when the hardships of life became too much.

Because of what the Inn was, Harry had his first experience with someone dying a lot sooner than anyone else had.

He had been 5, slowly going to a 6 year old, when an older witch had been brought in, her stomach ripped open by spell work, all because of the ancestors she had. She died not 10 minutes after she was brought in. The blood loss is too much even for a Magical. But Harry had been able to talk to her still, as she kept on coming back to him, teaching him all the things she had taught her own children once upon a time.

Which meant that at 5 years old, Harry had found someone who would give him the basics, without using the biased teachings of Hogwarts. A kind of lady, who had been at the wrong place, at the wrong time, but who stuck around the budding necromancer to make sure he wasn't moulded by any Wizarding customs, not when he was so much more than that.

She would always look at the birthmark on his head, which if one connected the dots, would firm the symbol of the Deathly Hallows, and the sign that he was indeed chosen by Death. After all, Death's last chosen had the same birthmark on their person, it became their signature, and later the symbol of their myth.

And while Dimitriv and Ms. Integra couldn't see Mrs. Bones, didn't mean they didn't notice the moments Harry was staring into an open space intently, before he would raise his hand and accomplish a feat of magic they hadn't seen before.

He would tell them Mrs. Bones had shown him, and how she taught him all the things he ought to know as the next Innkeeper.

After all ,Mrs. Bones wanted to prepare him for anything, and as he wouldn't need to go to a wizarding school (seeing as they only taught

one kind of magic), she believed in teaching him all kinds. Those she didn't know she found other people to teach him.

So far, after 4 years of teaching, he was proficient at wandless and wordless magic, parselmagic, potions and healing.

Those last two he had been the best in, when after Mrs. Bones died, she told him that had Dimitriv or Ms Integra been able to brew potions, she would have been saved. But certain ingredients reacted to both of their vampiric inheritances (even if Ms. Integra wasn't a full blood like Dimitriv) and made it impossible for the both of them to brew potions.

Buying the required potions costs a fortune, and some were illegal to buy, so that was a bust most of the time. With Harry being a proficient potions master, having been taught by a woman names Eileen, this were troubles of past times.

While a lot of potions were illegal to purchase, the ingredients to make them were not, which was a solution to one problem.

The healing part came when children were being brought in, hurt by people who should be protecting them, all because of certain attributes that had come forward in times of destress or fear. Knowing, or realising this could have been him without Dimi, Harry promised himself to help each and everyone of the people that came into the Inn for help.

Seeing as they didn't have a healer on call, he asked Mrs. Bones to find him someone to teach him, so he could make every hurt that people brought in better.

She found someone in a nice person called Pandora, who while a great

healer, and a very nice woman, had to smile sadly every time she saw a little blond girl. She told Harry at one point that her little Lulu was a blond little girl, and she missed her daughter so much.

Over the years, Dimitriv had also started telling Harry about the tasks an Innkeeper had, especially to an inn as theirs. It had to be kept tidy, and ready for anyone to move in at any given time. So to start the day off, both of them would go around the Inn and all the rooms it held; to make sure they were aired out, the beds were made and anyone who was staying with them already had everything they needed.

Then he would take lessons with Mrs. Bones, eat lunch and spend a few more hours with Dimitriv, getting lessons in history - that lost to the Wizarding Folk - to understand just how the Inn came to be and what they stood for.

He learned about all the different creatures that roamed this Earth, even if most of them had either gone into hiding, or had left this plane of existence.

He learned about Wizarding Kind, and how they had been their cousins, and remembered that fact, until more recently, a few hundred years ago, when they refused to accept that as a fact, thinking that the creature they shared their enclaves with were dangerous and needed to be stopped, killed or kept track off.

Only some families, mostly those dark inclined, taught their children all that they needed to know about the true history of the world. And what really rested in their blood, which was the reason they were magical. By refusing to accept that part of them, more and more children were born without accessible magic, or with a very low power level. As Mother Magic didn’t see a use in granting magic to people that didn’t believe in her.

Everything took a turn for the worst however, when a half-blooded wizard by the name of Albus Dumbledore was making his way into the upper tiers of society, together with the biased views he had been spoon fed by his mother, who was a muggleborn witch - who had kept a lot of her beliefs.

With his father incapacitated when he was still young she had free reign in what she told and taught her children, things that weren't things normally taught to Wizarding children, least of all children with such a strong leniage.

But she didn't know that, no one pointed it out to her, and the people started to believe the young Dumbledore as he became known as a strong wizard in school, during his apprenticeship with Nicolas Flamel, and later when he became a teacher at Hogwarts, and defeated a Dark Lord.

Ever since he became a teacher, suddenly certain things became much more catered to Muggleborns, instead of asking those that entered a new world to adapt. Everything, or almost everything, was adapted to them. Shuning their true history and customs, as these were too against Christian beliefs that a lot of Muggleborns brought with them.

Sabbats were put aside for Muggle Holidays, most of those Christian again, but when Mother Magic tried to show that by doing this, the veil wouldn't be able to protect them - especially on Samhain, leading to a lot of accidents happening on the 31st of October or the 1st of November.

The more he was told about the Wizarding World, and this person called Albus Dumbledore, the more he was glad that he wouldn't have to grow up in that part of the community. With him in the Inn, and as such protected by wards that were as old as the British community, he was free to grow up without their influences.

Dimitriv had also told him about the person on the other side of the conflict, the Dark Lord who had taken over after Grindlewald had fallen, and who had shown himself to be someone to be counted on - who wanted to bring the world back to what it had been once upon a time. One Tom Riddle, Lord Voldemort, a half blood himself, but one of Slytherin's line, which meant he too was a Parselmouth, and would be capable of learning Parselmagic if someone taught him.

Dimitriv, and his best friend Fenrir, would tell him stories about Tom and the way the man had tried to change the world for the better, only to be thwarted at every attempt by Dumbledore, who pointed his finger all too happily to the Dark Lord as a way to shove responsibility of what was happening to the world on his shoulders.

But then again, it was much easier to blame anyone else, or even a whole race, then it was to look at yourself and see you were in fault. With the standing Dumbledore had, he believed that he could do no wrong, and of course everything that did go wrong, he had nothing to do with.

Especially with him eventually making Headmaster of Hogwarts, he had been able to influence generations of children, who had grown into adults and had passed their views onto their children, elevating Dumbledore from respected to almost godlike status. After three generations of people getting to know the man as a kind and knowing person. To their children who didn't really question the man, to their children who looked up to the man in awe, thinking him to be the next incarnation of Merlin.

He wasn't, as people conveniently forgot Merlin had been a Dark Lord, and Albus Dumbledore wouldn't be caught dead doing Dark Magic, but that part was forgotten, just as most of the ancient history once. Rewritten to please the masses and a man who believed that mating with muggles was the way they could survive as a species - breed out the creature blood (and with it the magic in their veins).

Harry felt for the people that didn't know better, hadn't been shown what he had been, that didn't have Mrs. Bones, Pandora or Eileen to educate them. Not having a Dimitriv, Ms. Integra and Uncle Mort looked after them and taught them the real ancient history, taught them real magic and taught them that mating with muggles made their future generations into one themselves, as the magic would be bred out of them.

He hoped for a swift return of the Dark Lord, so all the magical people would be able to know the truth. Whenever he said that though, Fenrir, Dimitriv and Ms. Integra would wince, and look away. He had asked why they did that, but none of them had shared yet, telling him he was too young - but they would tell him eventually.

Chapter 5

When he turned 11, and would be recognized as the heir to whatever he was heir off besides the Inn, Dimitriv took him to Gringotts, both of them talking to the Goblins in their native language, which already put them several steps ahead of the wizards and witches that visited the same bank.

After all, they seemed to think that all the Goblins were got at was managing money, and waging war, but Dimitriv, as the Innkeeper knew just what a complex and interesting culture hid behind sneering faces and rough attitudes.

It was true that goblins were a warrior race, but they were that in the same way the centaurs were a premonition race, it was how they grew and developed as a race, it didn't define what they were.

Shaking his head as the looks he got from wizards and witches that were at the bank this late, most likely recognizing him as a vampire, and as such thinking he would turn and suck them dry on the first possible moment.

Approaching a teller, he asked if it was possible to talk to his account manager.

The Goblin, recognizing him as the Innkeeper, was more than happy to help him, because he was speaking to them in their own language, and was respectful. Plus the goblins had a great deal of respect for the Innkeeper and the fact that he opened his home to everyone who needed it.

He was promptly led to an office further in the great buildings that was Gringotts, Harry following him, looking around in awe at the

tellers that were counting gold at an amazing rate. When one sneered at him, he just smiled brightly and wished them a good day (even if he did so in a slightly accented voice).

Silverclaw, Dimitriv's account manager, welcomed them with tea and biscuits, sitting them down in the grand chairs in front of his desk, listening very attentively as Dimitriv retold the story about finding Harry, and Death's interference in it all.

This made the male look at Harry, a sharp grin on his face, "a fascinating young one, then."

Harry just nodded, "I do home so, master Goblin, I will after all inherit the Inn one day."

This had him blinking, before he looked at Dimitriv, "you finally found an heir then?"

The vampire nodded, "indeed, I did, with the blessing of Lord Death even."

As he said this, Harry tilted his head, showing the birthmark more clearly, the symbol of Lord Death, showing on his forehead. Over the years it had lightened to an almost scary silves, so only visible if the light caught on it. But it was obvious enough that people recognized it for what it was.

Silverclaw gasped, "a true necromancer, your kind has not been seen since the Peverell Brothers."

Dimitriv nodded, "a true chosen of Lord Death walks among us once

again, which made me realise he would be the perfect heir."

"Indeed, I don't think there would be a better one. Is that why you came? To register him as your heir?"

Dimitriv hummed, "among other things, I'd also like to have him take a blood test, to see what other heirship, or lordships he has to his name. To know what to prepare him for, as he will of course not join Hogwarts backwards teaching system."

Silverclaw hummed, "of course, no need to expose him to their backwards teachings, and biased oponions."

Both grown beings had to share a chuckle about that, both of them had been alive in a time when Hogwarts had been open to all kinds of creatures, instead of only Witches and Wizards. Since recent years, they had all been happy to forget that Salazar Slytherin was a Naga, Helga Hufflepuff was a nimf, Rowena Ravenclaw was of dragon descent, whose hoard was knowledge, and Godric Gryffindor was the offspring of a witch and a sphinx - who had only kept the more lion like appearances of his father.

But then again, wizardkind had forgotten quite a lot in their hurry to evolve, or try to evolve beyond that of mere 'beasts'. Which was kind of sad, to know that they were willing to throw away their history, and their own past, just to rise up compared to their cousins who were happy to keep on honouring the Olde Ways, and keep in touch with their creature side.

Silverclaw hummed, "let me get everything ready for the Young Master, and we'll see what other surprises he has for us."

It appeared that he had quite a list waiting for him, for one he had the vaults his parents had left him, and what appeared to be the vaults his godfather had - as a Lord in his own right.

On top of that, he had inherited the vaults sealed by the Peverell Brothers, as well as those that had been willed to the next Necromancer, as before people did believe this to be a good thing, instead of a dark and hateful thing.

So far, the number of coins he had to his name was even giving Dimitriv a wide eyed look, the Vampire had accumulated a lot of money over the centuries, but Harry just topped that without even trying.

Patting his heir on his head, he looked at the boy and grinned, “you’re one rich kid, Hadrian.”

His heir just grinned at him, “just think about all the god I can do with it, for the Inn, and for our people.”

While he rants on and on, on what he could use it for, Dimitriv and Silverclaw exchange looks, the goblin letting his old friend know that he had indeed chosen the right heir. To hear a 11 year old talk about changing the world in such a way, after being told he was the heir of this much money, was a lovely thing to see. It made both of them have hope for the future, even if Dimitriv already knew his charge would change the world thanks to the words uttered by Lord Death - he was also seeing it now.

Silverclaw cleared his throat, “The only thing that is left now is to register the Young Master as your heir, Lord Thepes.”

Dimitriv nodded, before accepting the papers he was handed, taking the quill too, and sighing at all the appropriate places, adopting Harry in the eyes of the creature's law as his heir and son. Making sure that the Inn would have a worthy successor, should anything happen to Dimitriv, not that he expected it to happen.

But one couldn't be too careful with everything that was happening out there, with the ways the laws were only being tightened, and altered to give them even less freedom, all because these wizards and witches were blind enough to follow Dumbledore, who would see them join the muggles, instead of celebrating the creature blood in their veins.

Silverclaw grinned at the business he did today, knowing that Dimitriv didn't care about the gold it took for his businesses to be taken care of. But it did mean a large sum of gold would be added to his own bank account, as the account manager to Dimitriv, and the apparent manager for Young Master Hadrian's accounts.

He almost salvated at the thought of all the gold the young boy had to his name, and to get to manage those vaults, was a dream come true. He would start with looking over the accounts, as he had a feeling not a lot had been done for them since the end of Lord and Lady Potter almost 10 years prior.

He nodded to himself, he would take the time to do that, and to get familiar with the ins and outs of those accounts before sending a message to Dimitriv and Hadrian to sit together once more to see what the Young Master wanted to do with all of his gold. Amazing things if his ramblings were to be believed.

Now and again a great young mind would be the driving force behind changes, but each and every time they just disappeared - turning up dead or not being found at all, until years later, which was a sad thing indeed. He was happy Dimitriv would watch over the young man, and make sure he had everything he could possibly need to become the

new driving force their community needed to get back to the way they needed to.

He also looked forward to when young Hadrian and young Thomas met, he was sure both of them would get along great. If one forgot that the history they already had, but with everything that was being unearthed, he was sure Dumbledore was behind it all, the old man's nose was in just about everything that had happened in the last 100 years.

It irked most of them, that ever since the man became known everything that had already been changing, suddenly entered a faster pace, as if the man wanted to make sure that future generations knew absolutely nothing about their past, or why they even had magic.

It hurt to see people walking through the doors thinking they were only warmongers, looking forward to their next rebellion, when all the rebellions that they had executed where to save their species or the magical community as a whole.

Seeing Young Master Hadrian leave, he had hope for the future, as the one figure head the Wizarding World had put on a pedestal would never make it to Hogwarts, and would never be brainwashed like so many other children.

No, instead he would be raised in the oldest household in London, surrounded by others that wanted what was best for their community, instead of just a part of it.

Silverclaw grinned, he almost couldn't wait to see the news headlines when the Young Master never arrived at Hogwarts, or when they couldn't find him either. He almost cackled when the old man would storm in here trying to figure out if the vaults were active, not that any of them would tell him - Albus Dumbledore could rot for all the Goblin Nation cared.

Back at the Inn, Dimitriv gushed to Ms. Integra, Mrs. Bones and Mr. Fenrir about what they had found out, making Harry blush at the attention he was receiving. All three of the other grown ups were smiling down at him, grinning as Dimitriv recounted all the things he had been ranting about what he wanted to do with all the money that was now his own.

Ms. Integra and Mrs. Bones had even cooed at him, for being such a little world improver, or an inspiring one at least. He wouldn't be able to touch any of the gold, except his trust vaults, until he was 16, so he needed to wait a little bit to start improving the world.

But both women had been happy to help him with any plans he wanted to put together, so he was most certainly prepared for when he did turn 16 and could use the money for his own plans.

Harry had shyly nodded, before gathering parchment and a quill to start writing down all the things he could think of.

Fenrir turned to Dimitriv, "we need to tell him soon."

Dimitriv grimaced, but nodded, "I know, but I don't want to hurt him."

Fenrir shook his head, "you won't, but with him being your official heir, he needs to know, for all we know the Dark Lord will be standing here within a year. I've heard rumours, you know, if he has to find out from someone else."

Dimitriv sighed, but nodded at his best friend, “we can tell him tomorrow, so he knows what really happened to the Dark Lord. But we need to make it clear that it was not his fault, he was a toddler, if anything either his Mother did something. Or, as I am guessing, the Old Coot interfered in some way..”

Fenrir nodded, “of course it isn’t his fault, but he still needs to know.”

Chapter 6

Setting Harry down the next day, Dimitriv and Fenrir sat down with the young teen, looking at each other before they looked at the pre-teen and explained to him just what had happened to the Dark Lord, or what they assumed that happened, and what the majority of the Wizarding World believed had happened.

"From what I heard, he got a missive from one of his spies on the Light side, who let him know that there had been a prophecy spoken in the presence of Albus Dumbledore, that if come to fruition, would bring the Dark a much greater boon.

However, this spy hadn't been able to share what was entailed in the prophecy, nor could he share the memory of the event. But still, that didn't stop them from trying to give the Dark Lord as many details he could give as possible.

This led to the man making the choice to visit the Potters on one Samhain evening, hoping to talk to them and see if they had known more about this prophecy, or if they were willing to listen to what he had to say about Albus Dumbledore - as the truth about the man wasn't a pretty one."

Fenrir sighed, "no one really knows what happened after that, all that we do know is that the Dark Lord never returned, believed to be vanquished, on that night, but the toddler son of the Potters at that."

Harry blinked, before he gaped, "by me? Everyone thinks that the Dark Lord was vanquished by me?"

Dimitriv nodded, "you have to understand, Hadrian, that your parents were some of the main fighters on the Light side, for all that we knew,

we also know the Dark Lord went there, to see if he could convince them of the truth, and to see what it could be that the prophecy entailed, as Potter was mentioned in it.

But more, we don't know, except that he isn't here anymore, your parents aren't either, and you were dumped on a muggle doorstep on the 1st of November by Albus Dumbledore."

Harry nodded slowly, "so what do you think happened?"

Fenrir sighed, "I think Tom went to your home, or your parents home, to talk to them and either found the couple already death and you about to be hurt by Albus Dumbledore because of what the prophecy entailed, as I refuse to believe that he would have killed a perfectly healthy couple in their prime - even if they wouldn't have listened, he wouldn't have just killed them in their own home - that wasn't his way of doing things.

The other part is that a fight did occur that they didn't survive and Dumbledore arrived at the end of it, and made use of the situation."

Harry looked at Dimitriv, "what do you think Dimi?"

The vampire hummed, "I think the first option is the most likely, as I did meet James and Lily Potter in passing, and I know their best friends are a werewolf and a Black, so they wouldn't, couldn't, be anti dark.

I think Tom was able to talk to them and certain things were said that made their way to Dumbledore, who then stormed in to kill the both of them."

Harry looked down, “so it all keeps coming back to Albus Dumbledore, then?”

Dimitriv and Fenrir nodded, “sadly, a lot of things seem to come back to that man, Hadrian, whether we want it or not, he had a habit of sticking his nose in things that aren’t even his business.”

Harry grumbled at that, with everything he had been hearing about the man, he really disliked the man on general principle alone. Not only that, but everything was pointing towards the fact that the so-called Light Lord had been the reason his parents were dead, instead of the Dark Lord.

“So, what does the world believe about me, then?”

Dimitriv and Fenrir exchanged looks once more, before telling Harry that Dumbledore had made the masses believe that he, as a toddler, had been the downfall of Lord Voldemort. What’s more is that he firmly believed that even if the Dark Lord were to come back - not that he said that it would happen, they would have him to fight for them.

“It gets worse, as people tell their children stories where you’re some knight in shining armor, while Tom is depicted as a villain. I’m sure I saw story books about that too.”

Fenrir said this, while rubbing at his stubble, “in fact, people keep romanticizing you to such an extend that were you to join Hogwarts in the Fall, everyone would already have an opinion of you, and should you not live up to that, it would get ugly, very fast.”

Harry blinked, “so they are making profit off of me?”

Dimitriv grinned, “caught onto that, childe?”

Harry pouted, but nodded, “I think that’s one of those things we need to take up with Silverclaw the next time we see him. How did those companies get permission to use my name like that, and did I get a cut off of that.”

Dimitriv nodded, “we’ll take it up with Silverclaw once he has had a look over your accounts, he should let us know when he has time for a new appointment. And I know for sure that if he finds something that isn’t right, he’ll go after it like a shark which had smelled blood.”

Harry grinned, looking forward to the way Silverclaw would deal with the people that had used his name to make money, either illegally, or through what methods they found. He wouldn’t even be surprised if they asked Dumbledore for permission and the Old Goat gave it, without thinking about the impact it would have in Harry later on in life, or maybe he did and hoped that the unrealistic expectations some people would have, would drive him to try and fill in those expectations.

Shaking his head, he looked at his guardian, and said guardian’s best friend, “ so now what? Will the Dark Lord hold a grudge against me, or will he come back and go back to trying to accomplish all these amazing things he was working on?”

Fenrir shrugged, “we can't say, no one knows what happens, for one, and other than that, there is still the matter of how whatever has happened affected him, as it must have an affect on him too. I guess we’ll just have to wait and see.”

Harry looked down, “do you think he will like me?”

Dimitriv blinked, “Hadrian, you’re 11 years old, and already doing a lot for a community he tried everything for to protect, of course he will like you. You’re doing what he wants to do, and you’re a whole lot younger. Not only that, but the Inn had been standing for a really long time, always open and always there for people like Tom, and like people we see coming by every single day.”

Harry nodded, “because the light’s dogma, and Dumbledore’s blindness is making it dangerous to be a dark inclined person, or to have a creature inheritance.”

Dimitriv nodded, “and you listened to us, even if it was all you ever knew, but I want to be able to be sure you were able to protect yourself before you were allowed to go into the Alley on your own. I feared people recognizing you, and taking you away from me.”

Harry went and hugged the vampire around his waist, “not going to happen, Lord Death would have a problem with that. Plus I knew why I couldn’t leave the Inn until I was 11, as my accidental magic might get picked up and we didn’t want that.

I don’t blame you, Dimi, I had the Inn and its people, and the people that came and taught me because I could see them and they liked that. I never hated it, and I will never hate it or resent you for what you did. Imagine if I had to grow up with the people on whose doorstep you found me on.”

Dimitriv grimaced, “no thanks.”

Harry grinned, “so don’t be too hard on yourself. Now, I think I have a shipment coming in, in a moment, so I’m going downstairs again.”

As he left the two older men alone, Fenrir and Dimitriv looked at each other, “he was very accepting of all of this.”

Dimitriv nodded, “I think it’s because he has a grown-up mind set, he is after all around adults at all times, so his mind was forced to grow up a lot more.”

Fenrir sighed, “but you don't regret it for a single moment, now that you know for sure that he doesn’t think any less of you for what you did. All that you did, in a way, for him.”

Dimitriv nodded again, “I feared that now that he has more freedom, that I would lose him still, but he loves it here, likes being around everyone, be it the living or the dead, and I am so glad that we have that. That I have an heir in this incredible young man, who is without a doubt a Slytherin, if we’d have to sort him.”

Downstairs, Harry opened the door, just as a man came through carrying various boxes under the alias he used, Hadrian Peverell, signing the parchment notes, he got the boxes set up on one of the tables and began sorting through them.

Grinning as he sees that they are mostly potions ingredients, for the potions he would need now that it was summer and muggles would be coming into the Ally; which made it a dangerous time for those with a noticeable creature inheritance. Muggles often got scared and reacted, making aurors appear and take their side - so even if the Muggle, or Muggleborn was in fault, the other person would pay the price for it.

It was a very ugly sort of racism. Especially seeing as this was used as an excuse to assert violence towards those with a creature inheritance, but once the Muggleborn graduated, they found no job offers for

them, as they didn't have the right bloodline, connections or even inheritance to be considered for the job. But of course that was a bitter pill to swallow after giving up everything you had known for 7 years, only to be confronted that it was best to go back to the Muggle World, where there was no future either, as they didn't have the necessary degrees to participate in that society.

Shaking his head, he went to sorting the ingredients, looking at the clock, he bit his lip, the first load of new students would be arriving any moment now, making it so that the first reports from their side would come in, in 2 more hours. He needed to prepare, and hope that no one got seriously hurt, or was killed.

Feeling a cold over his shoulder, he looked and saw Eileen standing there, her see-through form at his shoulder looking down at the ingredients. Some of which she had suggested he used - even if she wasn't his teacher anymore, as he had long since surpassed her, she still enjoyed looking over his shoulder. Telling him it reminded him of her son and his love for potions, he even went on to become a potion's master, her son that is, Harry wasn't at that level just yet. But he was getting there, and was considering doing so - after he for his OWLs and NEWTs at the ministry - who luckily allowed that for homeschooled students.

Chapter 7

It was close to the middle of August, before Albus Dumbledore went to check on the registrations for the next school year. Normally he wouldn't have bothered, but someone very special would enter his sphere of influence in September and he needed to be sure everything went perfectly.

Not only that, but with the Potter heir in Hogwarts, and loyal to him, he could make sure that the money he had been using from the Potter vaults was verified. With no one else to look after it, or to look after the boy, he could use it as he saw fit.

A grin appeared on his face, if he played the right cards, he was sure the boy would come to see him as a mentor of some sorts, just as he wanted, to make sure that he would listen to every word he said. Maybe even did everything he told him to do, he had even made sure that a prominent Light family would befriend the boy on the train. The Weasleys would after all do a lot for some coin.

Even more so, when the request came from him, as the Lord of the Light, they assumed they would be doing the world a favour, and they would. As soon as he had the Potter Gold in his hands, he could use that to set all his plans into action. Especially as the Dumbledore fortune had dwindled to nothingness after his father was imprisoned.

Turning heirs to the ancient families to his cause, had only helped their 'cause', and if he bled those families dry, well that wasn't his problem now was it. He had only asked for some help and financial aid, if those heirs and later lords gave everything to the cause was their loss and mistake, not his.

Putting a friendly smile on his face, he knocked and opened the door to Minerva's office, startling as he saw the Witch sitting there with her

hands in her hair, a haunted look on her face.

“Minerva, what is wrong, dear?”

The transfiguration teacher looked at him, her eyes widening before they glared at him.

“You! I told you leaving the Potter boy with those Muggles would be coming back to bite us in the ass. But you kept on insisting it would be the best course of action, and see - I was right!”

As she said this, she pointed to about 50 letters all addressed to Harry Potter, without an actual address, only his name appeared.

“You know what that means! He’s dead, Harry Potter is dead, as we can’t find a trace of his magic, all thanks to where you left him!”

Dumbledore gaped, before he shook his head, “no, we would have been notified, the wards, they would have let us know if something happened to the boy!”

With that he turned and hurried to the edge of the apparition wards, hurrying even more once he apparated, getting to Surrey in the blink of an eye and transfiguring his clothing into something a little bit more muggle, so he wouldn’t get noticed that much.

Of course, it wouldn’t matter what he changed his clothes into, the fact that he had a beard that reached his hips would make him stand out among muggles anyway. But he wouldn’t let that stop him.

He made his way to number 4 and knocked, before ringing the bell and tapping his foot impatiently as he waited until one of the Dursleys to open the door.

The person who opened it was not anyone he recognized as someone being from the Dursley family, so he gave a grandfatherly smile and asked the girl where the Dursleys were.

The young girl looked at him, before shaking her head and closing the door on him, making him blink at the spectacle that was happening here.

A neighbour, most likely having heard him asking the question, scoffed, “those awful people have been gone for years, sir. Ever since they kept on protecting their bully of a son, the neighbourhood watch, as well as the school interfered.

Vernon is serving time for harassment, as well as battery, for when he tried to hit the police officer that came to take Dudley away, after harassing all of the boys teachers about his grades and the notes they sent back.

Petunia on the other hand was submitted to the mental hospital after she kept on preaching that this was all the work of freaks that had it out for her family. I swear, she started saying magic was real and everything. Poor woman, loving with such a man, no wonder she went mad.

Last I heard the son, Dudley, was raised by his father’s sister in Kent, she has a firm hand on the boy and won’t let him stray like his father had done.”

With that the woman turned and entered her own house, not once did

she say something about another boy living there. Investigating, he made sure to ask some other people about a black haired, green eyed boy - which no one had seen.

The moment they kept on staring at him, he got out of there, not knowing what it was that he needed to do. He refused to believe that his little pawn was dead, he would have gotten a notification as his legal guardian - not that he claimed that title legally, but no one needed to know that.

His next stop was Gringotts, to see what the filthy creatures had to say, as they had to give him the information he asked for, as Harry Potter's 'legal' magical guardian.

Appearing at the bank, he plastered a friendly smile on his face again, nodding to several other people he walked past, most of those good and honest Light aligned families of course, no need to deal with the Dark side of all this.

Approaching one of the tellers, he tried to smile, but didn't quite succeed, asking the man to be able to speak with Coalfang, the one he knew had been the Potter account manager, and the one who had helped him become guardian over the Potter boy, in exchange for sparing his life when he did take over this world and got rid of all the filth that littered it.

The goblin sneered at him as soon as he said the name of the former account manager of the Potter vaults, leaning over his teller's desk and looking him long in the eye before saying, "Coalfang has been tried and found guilty of treason Albus Dumbledore, treason in aiding you with something that goes against goblin morals, you are no longer welcome in this bank."

Bristling, he stretched himself tall, "do you know who I am, you filth!

As you are good for is waging war, so why would morals come into play! I demand to see Coalfang."

As if expecting this, something was thrown to him, catching it on reflex, he let it go as soon as he noticed that he was holding the severed head of the one once known as Coalfang, the dryness of the decapitated head told him this had happened a long time ago.

Turning, he rushed out of the bank, never noticing the people, mostly dark aligned, that had seen what had happened. What the Goblins had said and what Albus Dumbledore was accused of.

Making his way to his office, he kept his walk at a low pace, not wanting to let anyone know just how agitated he was with everything that had happened. All his years of planning, ruinned, which now had him in the disadvantage, as he had no idea whatsoever as to what had happened to Harry Potter.

Arriving in his office, he swept everything off of his desk and opened a closet behind it, taking out a few strands of hair, if he couldn't find Potter by regulair means, he would resort to drastic ones - he wasn't that good at this, but he would be able to pinpoint the location of the Potter Brat using a ritual with some hairs he had swiped off the baby when he left it outside that first of November.

Steam could however be seen coming out of his ears when as soon as he had drawn the circle with calc and spoke the words of the ritual all that happened was that the hairs on the circle went up in flames. Nothing could be found linking the hairs to a living person.

This meant that Harry Potter was indeed dead, all his planning was going to waste and who knows who inherited the fortune now, not anyone he could get into his grasp within the next month.

He groaned, swiping the ritual items from his desk, throwing with the trinkets and gadgets he had on his desk or the shelves he had behind it. All his plans ruined! Because the brat died, most likely on that November night, and nothing was said to him, he had to find out when his letters wouldn't be sent - it had taken close to 9 years, to get an inkling as to what had happened.

Grinding his teeth, he never saw the sad look Fawked gave him as the phoenix pecked at the fine strangs binding him to the pole he was sat on. All because the immortal bird was bound to the school, never to its headmaster, but Albus Dumbledore couldn't have anyone believing that.

He was after all the Lord of the Light, even if he dabbled into some other crafts, but no one had to know that one. He needed to be seen as the Light Lord, and with a Phoenix at his side, no one could think otherwise.

He would need another pawn, maybe Augusta would let him meet her grandson, she was always complaining that he was nothing like his father, and even close to a squib then her own husband had been. Maybe if he played his cards right, he could 'train' the Longbottom heir and get another lapdog after all.

Nodding to himself, he settled behind his desk again, and started pinning to Augusta Longbottom, to see if she was open to a visit by an old friend, to comfort her grandson now that he would start Hogwarts soon.

Death, as he had been watching this going on for a very long time, made sure to touch Fawkes, letting the noble bird enter his burning day sooner than expected. Dumbledore, assuming that as always, the baby bird would need some time to recover from his burning, didn't get up right away, giving Death the time he needed to grab the chick

and get away with it.

Maybe his newest Necromancer would like a new pet, a late birthday gift. He was sure the chick and his favoured would get along, after all they were two sides of the same coin. One a bird that couldn't die and kept on being reborn. While his necromancer gave those who died a chance to be reborn into something different.

He nodded to himself and crooned to the baby bird in his hands, "soon I'll introduce you to someone who will take good care of you, Little Phoenix, and I'll enjoy leaving you in his capable hands. The Heir of the Inn, and my chosen, my little Necromancer."

Dumbledore's scream when he couldn't find Fawkes, was heard through all of the castle, making Minerva cry as she had waited for an outburst from the old man confirming that the last part of some of her favoured students wasn't on this plain anymore.

The wizarding world suffered a great loss today, even if it would take years before they realised just what they had lost, and what they had believed that had made them lose so much. All because of the misconception and greed of an Old Man who wouldn't believe what the ancient text told him. Believing the misconceptions and misinterpretation of his Muggleborn mother, who had never taken the time to learn the real meaning of the Olde Ways, but had condemned them anyway.

Chapter 8

Harry stared at the falcon that was perched on the bar of the inn, the letter it had clutched in his beak being handed to him.

Dimitriv snorted, “that bird had been sitting here for the better part of an hour, but wouldn’t let us touch it. I am quite sure that whatever it’s carrying, it’s for you.”

As soon as Harry took the letter, the bird took off through the window next to the bar, leaving all of them to stare at the pre-teen standing before them. Harry had been cleaning up some rooms that had been vacated that morning, and had as such not been able to see the bird fly in.

But now that the bird was released from its burden, it had flown back to wherever it came from. Dimitriv guessed Gringotts, and the seal on the letter only confirmed that.

“Open it, Hadrian, let’s see what Silverclaw had to tell us.”

Harry broke the seal on the letter and opened it, reading what his account manager had to say, reading over what was written there, while his eyebrows only went up higher on his forehead. Giving the letter to his guardian, Dimitriv read it over also, before sighing, “seems we’re going to need to go back to Gringotts soon, this is quite the list you got there.”

Harry nodded, still dizzy from everything he had read, not believing what had been happening with his accounts when he was growing up. And to know that the Old Coot had been behind it, he hadn’t even known the man, and from what Fenrir and Dimi had told him, his parents had been distancing themselves from him too.

So, how was it possible that he had been able to get this much done for themselves in relation to Harry.

“When can we go?”

Dimitriv hummed, “Silverclaw told us that he took care of the worst of it, so we don’t have to go there right away. But we can go tonight, when most of the witches and wizards won’t be there anymore.”

Harry nodded, worrying his lip between his teeth, “do I need to watch out where I go and everything. Especially with the footnote that the Old Coot was at Gringotts thinking that I died, or that he could find out where I was.”

Dimitriv shook his head, “you’re genetic make up changed, when Lord Death visited us, even if he has means to track you, they won’t work as they aren’t the same as you are now. If he ever were to get new samples or a hair or something then yes, but for now, you’ll be just fine.

Plus I’m sure more than a few people would come in between whatever happens then, no one is going to let the Old Coot get away with all of this, Hadrian, not after everything he already did. People like you way too much, both at the next Innkeeper, and as yourself, to give that up.”

Harry ducked and blushed, “isn’t that just because of what I am, I know there hadn’t been a Necromancer since the time of the Peverell Brothers. I am one, and I happen to have great teachers out there - who made sure I am up to par, and even beyond that what a normal Hogwarts Student should know.

Isn't it just because of that, that they like me?"

Dimitriv blinked at Fenrir who had spent the night following, as did Integra. Mrs. Bones, Eileen and Pandora did the same, even if none of the others could see the three women.

"Hadrian why would you think that?"

Harry looked away, "well, they all know what happened to the Dark Lord, do they not? So they can't like me for me, not after everything I did to damage the cause, so yeah... "

Fenrir and Integra looked at Dimitriv, while the Vampire could only look at his charge, "what are you going on about. Hadrian, everyone that comes here knows the truth as we told him to you. And for Death's sake, you were a baby, no one is going to blame you, not when it is so much easier to blame Dumbledore."

Harry just kept on looking down, "but…"

Another voice joined, "but nothing, they might recognize the power which you were gifted with, but cannot control, but none of them dislike you, young master."

The people in the room were shocked at the sight before them. Lord Death was standing before them, his scythe held like a cane before him, the hood of his cloak hiding his features, but it was obvious the primordial being was looking at Harry.

"I had waited until you were informed to be showing myself. Not only that, but now that you're maturing in your magic, and have learned

more than the basics, I can help in nurturing your gifts. If you want to, that is."

Harry nodded, a look of awe on his face, "I would love to, Lord Death."

The primordial being chuckled, "just Death to you, my child, you are after all a Necromancer. And while the Wizards and Witches have forgotten what it means to be my favoured, the people here have not."

Harry nodded, "what do you mean that they do not dislike me?"

Death grinned, or at least that impression they gave, "all of the people on the darker side of the coin, they knew just how backhanded and manipulative Albus Dumbledore can be. In fact, most of the Light side know so too, but as they only profit from it, they don't mind.

What I mean is that no one could possibly dislike you for something out of your control. Tom Riddle knew what he was starting on when he came to your parents' house, he probably even knew that he might not return home."

"Do you know why he went to my parents' house?"

Death tilted his head, "you mean you never asked them?"

Harry blinked, "asked who?"

"Your parents, I know they have been here watching over you, and I

am sure you saw them several times."

Harry nodded, making the others around him gasp and look around, and as they expected Lily and James Potter were standing close to their son, a sad smile in their face. The slightly see through look was the only way they knew that these were the ghosts of the couple and not them revived by their son's still developing powers.

Harry looked down, and not to where his parents were standing, making all of them frown, "because I'm the reason they are dead."

Lily shook her head and approached, putting her hands on her son's shoulders, the flinch he gave might be from the cold of her hands, or might be because of the guilt he was feeling, "Harry, honey, none of this is your fault. If anything it is Dumbledore's."

Looking back at his husband, she continued, "we were deliberating on changing sides, or becoming neutral at the least. Ever since we finished school and were swept up by the war, we realised that in Dumbledore's circle only the truly light were welcome.

No matter how much they tried to hide it, none of them liked Sirius or Remus all that much, our friends, and your godparents, for the fact that they were a Black and a Werewolf. In fact, had they had the chance both of them would be in the exact same position they are in now, but much sooner.

But with James and I standing in between all that, they couldn't be touched, not unless they wanted to lose the Potter fortune. Because let me tell you, none of the light side seemed to think that managing a budget is a thing, as they always seem to be getting money from somewhere.

But I digress, we wanted out, once we saw what these people really wanted for the world, and for their children. So, we managed to get a message to Severus, a close friend of mine, and one of the inner circle members, to ask if we could talk to either him, Lucius Malfoy or if possible Lord Voldemort himself. As we explained the situation, He came himself, so we would get the most round-up view."

She sighed, and James took over, "Dumbledore found out and flooed in, even if the floo was cut off, he found a way to floo in any way. Started throwing cursed around like they were candy. He and I held him off while Lily went to get you, and our cat, hoping to get out before all of that happened."

He frowned, "we never made it out, neither did Lord Voldemort. But with the failsaves he had in place, he didn't die, he was just disembodied. We however, were mere mortals and didn't have those protections."

Harry gaped, "but why would he do that?"

Lily snorted, "because he would lose his biggest source of income with us leaving. James almost single handedly financed the Light side before we went into hiding. If he were to tap out, they would lose all that."

Harry blinked, "that's why he was the one getting appointed guardian over my account, illegally of course, to still get to the money?"

James cursed, "he was never even on the list, in terms of guardianship or custody it was Sirius, Remus, Snape. And if those weren't an option, everyone on either the natural or dark side with bloodties to us. Never again to the light side, not after everything we found out."

Dimitriv snorted, “oh, please tell me that was included in either of your wills?”

The couple turned towards their son’s guardian, before nodding, “we did, and I know Sirius and Remus included it too, why?”

Dimitriv smiled with too much fang, “because I found him abandoned on a doorstep in Surrey, left with a muggle family named the Dursleys.”

Lily paled at that, swaying on her feet, “he was going to leave our son with my sister, James, my magic hating sister and her lump of a husband. I… I can’t!”

James frowned just as much as he supported his wife, Eileen, who knew Lily from her son’s childhood, hugged the younger woman close, knowing just how awful it is, knowing that your child is left in the care of someone who is not looking after them properly.

“Harry was never meant to go to the Dursleys and Albus Dumbledore should have never had any say in anything pertaining to the Potter, and assorted families. Not after what he did to us, what he tried and succeeded in doing to our friends.”

Dimitriv grinned as he wrote it all down, Fenrir looking over his shoulder and nodding, before pointing out something else.

“I can’t wait to put Silverclaw onto this, a goblin solicitor is an amazing thing, if you are friends with the nation. Especially with everything that you have just told us, I can’t wait to get the ball rolling.”

Looking at Harry, he explained, “goblin solicitors are ruthless, but get the job done one way or the other. The knowledge that Dumbledore killed a Lord and his wife, interfered with a Lord of Magic, and muddles into their gold is a high offence in wizarding standard, but even more so in theirs. Plus if I am correct Lord Sirius Black was incarcerated in Azkaban, innocently at that, all because Dumbledore said so.

And not long after everything happened, a law was passed that no children could be fostered or adopted by werewolves, signed by Dumbledore, making it impossible for Lupin to take you in. I don’t know why Snape didn’t, but I guess he’s behind that as well.”

Harry seemed to be convinced of the fact that none of this was his fault, as in the next moment he was hugging his mother close, even if her ghost made him feel cold, he didn’t mind, as for the first time in his memory, he got to hug his mother. The red haired woman clutching him to her just as much, enjoying this after 10 years of just being able to watch.

James however, turned to Dimitriv, “thank you, for taking care of him, and for making sure he wouldn’t be blinded by the light side until it was too late.”

The vampire waved a hand, “it was my pleasure, he’s a very particular child, and I believe that will only grow as he gets older.”

Lord Death grinned at that, “you have no idea.”

Chapter 9

As Lily and James faded again, Death let Harry know that he could see them whenever he wanted, he was after all a True Necromancer, and could as such recall people back to this plain, without them coming back as Inferi, or a shade of their true selves.

Looking at the people surrounding his Chosen, he grinned, “I have another gift for you, a late birthday present if you will.”

Harry blinked up at the Primordial Being, Death, and the people surrounding them, enjoying the childlike wonder in the teen’s eyes. It was after all easy to forget that Harry was only 11 years old, even if he acted so much older a lot of times.

Death grinned, before he reached into his pocket and took out a chick of some kind.

Dimitriv and Fenrir shocked as they realised what it was that Death was holding.

“Lord Death, is that..?”

The primordial being nodded as he handed the chick to Harry, the baby bird chirping up at his new master. Making Harry coo at it, he had no idea what kind of bird it was, but it had to be something special going by the way Fenrir and Dimi reacted. Plus Death had gifted it to him, as a birthday gift at that.

Death looked at his Little Necromancer, “that little one, is a phoenix, take good care of it for me, will you? It’s former master didn’t really

do such a good job at that, which is why I took him away."

Harry nodded, "what do I feed him?"

Death hummed, "for now, small insects or worms will do just fine, once he grows into his wings and feathers he'll be able to hunt on his own and foresee his own food."

"What about his burning day? Phoenixes have a burning day, don't they?"

Death nodded, "about once every 10 year naturally, and otherwise when they are mortally wounded; this is what officially puts them into my domain, as Phoenixes are normally Light inclined creatures, the fact that they can't die means that I hold some jurisdiction over them and was able to free him from his former master."

Harry grinned, petting the little bird on its mostly bald head, for which the chick twittered at his new master, glancing at Death, the primordial being nodded at the bird, he knew his Little Necromancer and Fawkes - or whatever name Harry would give the bird - would have suite a strong bond. Not only that, but the phoenix would be so much happier here then he'd ever be at Hogwarts.

Patting Harry on the head, he smiled once more before saying his goodbyes, telling his Little Necromancer that he would be by two times a week from now on to help him with his budding powers.

Now that his magical core was slowly stabilizing, he'd be able to start to nurture his born abilities, as children age 11 and up had a semi solid magical core and were able to be taught. Before that age, their core was still mostly liquid and influenced by their emotions - meaning that children 10 and below were very prone to accidental

magic.

The older the child, the more solid their core became, with it solidifying at their 17th birthday, as then it was fully grown.

With Death taking his leave, Dimitriv looked at Fenrir, before looking at the chick still in Harry's hands.

"I can't believe that this bird willingly left its master's side after all this time."

Grinning, he added, "and I can't wait to see the Old Coot's reaction to knowing that he's gone. Or the public's rection to the fact that a phoenix didn't want to stay with him anymore, his just desserts if you ask me."

Fenrir nodded, staring at the bird, not knowing what to think that such a 'light creature' had such a strong relationship with Death, and was willing to leave with the Being to get away from the Old Coot.

Harry blinked, "wait, Dumbledore was his former master?"

Dimitriv and Fenrir nodded, "he was known to be a true Light Lord, for the fact that he had a phoenix at his side. Even more, in the first war, he had his own group of people who used the fear of those times to plan raids on Dark families. It was never proven, but most of us know that some of his more fanatic supporters used the war to kill Dark inclined people, all under the name of the Order of the Phoenix. While in the eyes of the people, they were the extra help for the Dark raids, as well as the people to call when you needed help - as long as you were Light or Natural inclined, of course."

Harry sighed, petting the phoenix a little more, feeling sorry for the bird to be bound to such a person, whose followers used his name to commit what were essentially war crimes. Especially as he doubted the Dark did really stage those raids the Light kept going on about.

After everything that he had heard from Lord Voldemort, and the way the man wanted to save the magic in the world, he just couldn't believe that the man would kill off magical people, even if they were Light inclined. Chances were that Dumbledore, or his people, killed off those people because they didn't believe in his ideals or wouldn't follow the man blindly, just as he had done with his parents.

Cuddling the bird closer, he felt the chick just sag into his hands, almost as if he finally relaxed after so long, and with everything that he knew about the Old Coot, who knew how long it had been since he could fully relax.

"You've been having quite the stressful life, these last few years, haven't you?"

The phoenix in his hands thrilled sadly, his head just hanging low as it seemed to even nod against Harry's fingers. Which made Harry feel all that much sadder, he was so enamoured with the bird in his hands, that he couldn't understand that someone could just keep a being like this unhappy, all because of the symbole it represented.

"I'm going to take good care of you, and I'll make sure you'll never have to go back to that Old Coot, and when you want your freedom or just don't want to be with me anymore, let me know, and I'll set you free."

Dimitriv and Fenrir looked on as the chick seemed to brighten at that, chirping like it was talking to Harry, for which the teen just giggled and petted the baby bird again, beaming as he could see plumage

growing as he looked - letting him know that the Phoenix was indeed regaining his strength.

Dimitriv looked at the clock and smiled, “Hadrian, we can go and visit Gringotts, at this hour most of the other visitors have long since left, leaving us to have all the time we need for whatever Silverclaw needs to tell you.”

Harry nodded, putting the phoenix chick into one of his pockets, wanting to keep him close as he recovered from the whole ordeal he had gone through with Dumbledore. He could feel the bird settling down, maybe even falling asleep, so he grabbed his coat and followed his guardian out of the Inn towards the great white building further down the street.

Walking through the Alley, they were nodded at, or even thanked by those that lived into the night, for whatever it was that they had done for them or their family. Because the normal population saw Knockturn as the Dark Alley, and such the home to all kinds of monsters.

But it was because of the way they handled those that kept using the way of their ancestors, and didn’t give in to the chanced the Light made so those living in the Muggle World would feel more welcomed, instead of treating it like one were to visit another country - you didn’t expect your own people to change for those that might not even stay.

And it should be better that people with Magic stayed into the magical world, those that were raised in the muggle world, might feel safer there, and if they bred with muggles, the magic would go away anyway - so them revealing the world wouldn’t be an issue.

It also hurt Harry to know that so many of their own people were just

shoved to the side, just for who they were, or for their alignment, the ministry was only busy with filling their own pockets, and making sure that the Olde Families had a place in their ancient system. But none of them were thinking ahead, about what would happen if the Light kept on radicalizing and banished the Dark to the actual Dark parts of the world. Would it be a happier, lighter place? At first maybe, until they found something else to segregate their people more and more.

As a matter of fact, as long as they kept on doing like they had been doing for who knows how long, all it gave them was more and more people disappearing into the dark to keep themselves safe.

Coming to the passage into the Diagon Alley, Dimitriv pulled up his hood, Harry soon following. The few passerbys walked a bit faster as they saw them coming out of Knockturn Alley, pulling their children with them, as if coming from Knockturn automatically meant that they had nefarious plans with everyone in Diagon.

The two of them glanced at each other and chuckled, making their way up the steps to the bank and nodding at the guards stationed there, before entering the bank itself, making their way to one of the tellers and asking for Silverclaw.

When Harry presented the letter the goblin had sent to him, they were ushered into an office further down while the teller that had put them there, went and collected Silverclaw, to commence their business at once.

Once seated, the both of them pulled down their hoods, making themself comfortable as they waited for the goblin to have the time to see to them. He had after all said it didn't matter when they showed, at their convenience, so they were well aware that they might need to wait a little while before they were seen to.

Harry used this time to check on his new pet Phoenix, the baby bird sleeping in his pocket, twittering softly as he was moved a bit, almost as if he was snoring, so Harry left him to sleep, he was looking more alive too - with a bright red plumage sprouting everywhere, even if most of those feathers seemed to be fluffy, as most baby chicks have.

Dimitriv meanwhile looked at his charge, happy to know that the teen was still very happy to be here, but also emotional that he had been able to speak to his parents, and for said parents to thank him for looking after their baby.

He might have feared never finding a successor, he was beyond glad to have met Harry, and to see the teen growing more and more everyday. Hell, ever since he could walk and learned enough from his teachers, he had been a huge help around the Inn, both for chores, but also for the people seeing their help.

Most of them were excluded from school, so didn't have a way of learning to control their gifts, and while family could support a part of that, not everyone was cut out to be a teacher, and teach their children, or the children in their family, such as nephews, nieces and cousins, all that they needed to know.

While lost in thought, both of them looked up as the door opened and Silverclaw entered.

"Ah, my favourite clients, please be seated, this might take awhile. You won't like everything that I will tell you, but know that most of it is resolved, and that which is not, in just waiting for your permission, Lord Potter."

Chapter 10

Silverclaw was the last to take a seat, waving his hands to make drinks appear before them, something in it that smelled of sweet tea, but knowing the goblin race, it was anything but. They drank anyway, as it was impolite to refuse a beverage, and found it to be tasting like sweet tea too.

Silverclaw nodded, “I made sure there were drinks, as we’ll be sitting here for a while.”

He turned to Harry, “to start Master Potter, I want to let you know that the previous account manager for the Potter, and the Black accounts is no more. He took over just after your parents were killed, and your godfather was incarcerated, and appeared to be charmed by Albus Dumbledore in making sure that the Potter’s wills never went public.

Neither of them were even read, which in itself is already a grave mistake. But to add to that, Coalfang never read it himself, which was something he should have done at least. Instead he trusted the words of Albus Dumbledore and made the man the main steward of your accounts, something which enabled Albus Dumbledore to send money to himself under the guise of providing you with a pre-magical education.

On top of that, he sent a stipend to Vernon Dursley, ever since the 1st of November, monthly, both of which are still running.

Which brings us to the first order of business, what is it you wish to do, let this go, or get all the money back, with interests of course.”

Harry blinked once, before looking at Dimitriv and looking back at

Silverfang, “what do they owe me?”

Silverfang grinned, “a total of 80.000 galleons, plus the interests, which will end up being 40.000, so a total of 120.000 galleons. Which is not something either of them has at this moment.”

Harry grinned, “then they best start selling their belongings then, as I do plan on getting everything back, with the interests.”

Silverfang nodded, “of course, to be so slightened that these people have been getting money to take care of you, which is what Vernon Dursley got, but you were never there, yet the man never questioned the sudden increase in income.”

Dimitriv scoffed, “I wouldn’t be surprised, that the pig of a man in the house on which doorstep I found you, his wife was your mother’s sister, and Dumbledore would have forced them to take you in. Which we now know, was bribing, as that would mean the man got roughly £2000 a month, for taking care of a child that was never there, not that he knew that was what the money was for.”

Silverfang grinned, “which brings us to the next topic of discussion, while we were going through the bank statements of one Vernon Dursley, we found out that not a lot of his income adds up. In fact, I think the Muggles call it White washing, or something like that, it means that Mr. Dursley is involved in some very shady businesses, some of which he used your money in.

And wouldn’t it be just a shame if the right authorities were updated on what exactly it was we found, under an alias of course. It would only serve the man right, after what he did with our client’s money.”

Dimitriv started laughing at that, Harry grinning just as wide, this was

the exact reason he had appointed Silverclaw as his accountmanager, the goblin was fearless, ruthless, and loved to make sure his clients, and himself by proxy, came out of top.

Harry just nodded, waving his hand to give him the permission to go on with the plans he had for the Dursleys, and to continue after that.

“On the matter of Albus Dumbledore, he came here to demand why he wasn’t informed that you hadn’t died, as magical guardian, which we switched to Dimitriv, no need in the Old Coot sticking his nose in all of this.

Anyway, after he left, and we had proof that he believed himself to be your magical guardian, we found that he took some of the items in your vaults, one of them was an invisibility cloak, which has been passed down in the Potters for generation, the others, oddly enough, was your mother’s diary.”

Harry frowned, “get it back, I don’t care how, but I want those back. He had no right taking those away from me, or even the vault, not after getting to them illegally.”

Dimitriv could only nod to that, seeing that Silverclaw was doing the same thing. They both could feel for the teen with them, he had so precious little from his parents, even if he could see them whenever because of his gifts. It didn’t feel right for the old coot to just take all that away.

Silverclaw penned something down, “I’ll make sure that whatever was taken will be returned to either you, or the vaults.”

Harry nodded, still upset that the man who had killed his parents had not only illegally put himself as his magical guardian, but had also

paid himself for not doing something, and had been paying his ‘family’ for taking care of him, even when he wasn’t there. It just showed how crooked the man was.

“Is there a way we can get this out to the right people, get the ball rolling, and the right people talking about how he did this to me. Maybe he also did it to other people, to other children, or even adults, all because no one questions him because of his name.”

Silverclaw nodded, the goblin nation didn’t like the old man either, and they had some less shady solicitors that might be perfect to tell this tibet to.

Harry nodded once more, “you said something about a godfather?”

Silverclaw nodded, “yes, one Sirius Black, who was illegally incarcerated into Azkaban on the word of Albus Dumbledore that he would have been the secret keeper of the Potters. But seeing as the one that killed him was Dumbledore, that cast the fidelius charm in the first place, the man would have known it was Peter Pettigrew that had been secret keeper, and was the one to give the address to Tom Riddle at the request of your parents.”

Harry tilted his head, “then why was Sirius locked up?”

Dimitriv and Silverfang exchanged looks, “because he is a Black, not just in name, but in magic. Which was why Dumbledore never liked the man in the first place, and didn’t trust him either.

It is like your parents said, the way some of the people of the Order would talk about Sirius, or his partner Remus, behind their backs, was disgusting in the worst way. Which sadly made the people in the Wizengamot be all too happy to lock up the man, without even giving

him a trial."

Harry gasped, "he was never given a trial."

Dimitriv shook his head, "from what I found, when I just found you and wanted to be sure that no matter what Lord Death had told me, there would be no one coming to look for you. I found that they had picked Black off the street in broad daylight, accusing him of leading to the killing of the Potters.

He would have laughed like a madman at that, which led to the people around, as well as the aurors arresting him, to believe that it was the truth. He was brought to Azkaban not long after, where he's still today.

His partner, one Remus Lupin, is a werewolf, and while not a lot of people know, enough know that he needs to seek employment in the Muggle World, but with the number of sick days he needs to put in, he never holds a job for a long time."

Harry shook his head, "that just isn't right, why doesn't Remus come to the inn?"

Dimitriv sighed, "because not everyone knows about it, and those that do, like Remus, knows that Fenrir practically lives there and don't feel comfortable around him."

Harry gasped, "how can they not be comfortable around Fen!?"

Dimitriv sighed, "because the light was quick to point to Fenrir when children were being bitten, not because he did it, but because he was

one of the few people that was a known werewolf. Add to that, that he did bite Remus Lupin, as the boy had been left in the woods as a toddler, and with the infection in his lungs growing because of that, he bit him to cure him.

However, before he could take Remus away with him, aurors had come on the scene, and took their own conclusions, not helping the situation. Which was only worsened when Mr. Lupin started saying he lost sight of Remus for one moment, while Fenrir tried to argue that the toddler had been running around in the forest, alone, for days.

But they are quick to believe a wizard over a werewolf, any time, so Remus was taken back to his house, cured of his hereditary lung disease, and the reason his parents had left him in the woods, as they couldn't take care of him."

"That's just awful… is there anyway we can reach out to Mr. Lupin, and Silverclaw, is it possible to get this to the right people, so my godfather might get freed from his undeserved imprisonment."

Silverclaw nodded, "we work closely with a wizarding law firm, one respected by all classes of the Magical community, they are also dear friends with Mrs. Amelia Bones, the current head of the magical law enforcement, she's also someone who never believed Sirius Black was guilty, but didn't have the proof.

We have the proof in the wills of your parents, which we do plan on releasing, even after so many years. They deserve to have their last will and testament read, and heard by the people that need to hear it, if you do agree."

Harry nodded, "yes, but see if Sirius and Remus can't be there for that too. While I love being with Dimitriv and don't plan on leaving the Inn for anything, I would like to get to know the people that I should

have grown up with."

Dimitriv put a hand on Harry's shoulder and grasped it tightly for just a second, letting his charge know how much he appreciated the fact that Harry wouldn't leave. He knew that this could have been a possibility, and no matter what Lord Death had said, he wouldn't have kept Harry here against his will.

Harry just grinned at his guardian, before looking back at the Silverclaw, the goblin nodding, "I'll make sure this all gets to the right people, and to wait with sending out the invites to the people mentioned in the will until such a time Sirius Black and Remus Lupin can be present."

Then he started grinning, getting out several scrolls and giving these to Harry, "now the last part, here is everything we could find that was either in your name, gifted to you, or yours by right. Several of these vaults have been inactive, and as the last one with a blood connection to those lines, it went to you.

Several others are filled with letters, parcels and donations, gifted to you by people who want to thank you for what you did to the community, in their eyes you saved them from the Dark Lord, when we know you are going to save them from the Evil coot at one point.

Anyway, this is all yours, the number of the vaults, together with the vault numbers and family lines, or the names of the people they gifted it to you. As well as a list of any other assets that are yours.

Which makes a grand total of 94.672.789.134 galleons, 5426 sickles and 879 knuts to your name.

I have also added a list of investments either of your parents, or

grandparents had, as well as those that I as your account manager would advise you to look into."

Chapter 11

Amelia Bones sat at her desk in the ministry, looking over one more report that some auror had put on her desk. These days most of the calls they did get was of misuse of magic, as in using magic in front of Muggles, but other than that it was quiet.

Most of her men were finally catching up on their paperwork, finally having the time for that, as before they were busy with going out to calls. Ever since the War they were understaffed, as some of their best people had been killed, been arrested, or retired.

And with no war knocking on their door, no one felt the need to attend the auror academy, they had maybe 5 new recruits in the last 10 years, with about half of those either going to a different department or being snatched by the unspeakables.

She sighed, she'd do everything for something exciting, or at least something that didn't require her to read boring reports. Really, she'd do anything for someone to walk into her door and tell her they had something to share with her.

As her thoughts came up in her mind, a man she recognized as being a part of Parston and Wilson, a very known law firm in Diagon Alley. For Tedrick Parston to step into her door meant something serious was going on.

"Madam Bones, may I have a moment of your time?"

She nodded, shifting the reports on her desk so there was room for him to but his briefcase, sitting down on the chair on the other side of her desk.

“Thank you, madam Bones, I am here today to represent a client of Gringotts, the goblins have asked me to bring this to you, and for their client to remain anonymous, because of obvious reasons.”

Amelia nodded, before looking at the solicitor in front of her, “what is it you were asked to bring to my attention?”

Tedrick cleared his throat, “that Sirius Black was shipped off to Azkaban 10 years ago, without a trial, or legal representation, and without as much as a say-so.”

Amelia just about choked on that, she couldn’t believe this. She had never believed that Sirius had done what was said he’d done, but to think that he had been put in Azkaban without a trial was despicable.

She sighed, “I hate to ask this, but do you have proof?”

Tedrick nodded, taking out a folder from his briefcase, which held all of the court scripts from that period of time; but never once was there one for Sirius. To make matters worse, there was an arrival form from Azkaban which accepted Sirius Black into the prison, and which cell he had been put in.

“Add to that, that I have word from the goblins that the wills of the late Lord and Lady Potter called their secret keeper by name, and it wasn’t Sirius Black. To make matters worse, their letters to me dictate that this wasn’t a crime by the Lord Voldemort.”

Amelia blinked her eyes, “but… the world was told that Lord Voldemort came to their house and killed them, falling against Harry Potter. Which made him the Boy-Who-Lived.”

Tedrick shook his head, “not if the whole Dark Lord thing is a lie. There is indeed a Dark Lord, one chosen by Lady Magic herself, and not some melangomaniac that declared himself as such. Lord Voldemort has every right to call himself a Lord, I even found proof, hidden deep in the ministry archives, which holds a list magically updating, that mentions each and every person chosen as a Lord of Magic.”

He hands her the list, and indeed, she sees Lord Voldemort at the bottom of it, the name Tom Riddle standing next to it. However, as she looked closer a name seemed to be missing from it.

“Albus Dumbledore isn’t on this.”

Tedrick nods, “that’s because he is the one that declared himself a Lord of Magic, instead of being chosen as one.”

He swallowed thickly, “with this is hand, the goblins told me that the one who declared himself a Lord of Magic, was the one who killed Lord and Lady Potter, for the only reason that they found out this. And found out that half the things the man promises aren't true and made up to gather followers for himself.”

Amelia blinks a few times, “you’re telling me that Albus Dumbledore is the reason the Potters are dead, and the reason a Lord of an ancient house is locked up in Azkaban, so none of them can spill this secret.”

Tedrick nods, “that’s what I was told, and the evidence supports that. I propose we get Lord Black out of prison and give him a chance to explain himself. If only to get both sides of the story. But to do so, we’ll need to do this without the knowledge of one Albus Dumbledore, as I can promise you that should he catch wind of this, Sirius Black

will be dead before we can hold that trial."

Amelia nodded, still not sure if this was all true, if the truths she had believed to be true were indeed lies all along. She rubbed her forehead, not knowing what she could believe and what not.

Looking at Tedrick, she adds, "are you free this afternoon?"

The man nods, slightly confused, making Amelia nod, "we'll floo to Azkaban this instant. They hold small interrogation rooms, we can use one of those, to make sure we get all the facts. Keep that as evidence and build up a case for Sirius Black, making sure that Dumbledore can't hurt the man. If this is all true, and we won't know until we speak with Black."

Tedrick swallows thickly, and Amelia understands whole hartley, no one likes going to Azkaban, for any reason, but the Dementors affect everyone who arrive on the island, weather they want it or not, but this would be the most effective way to knowing that some universal truths, weren't truths at all, but lies spread to keep a secret from coming out."

Sirius didn't know how long had passed since he was stuffed into this cell, all he could do was draw a line every time he saw the sun rise, but those too blurred together, as to make him believe it might have been years; but just as well could have been a few months.

He didn't know, and feared that he didn't want to know, not after finding out that James and Lily were killed, that Peter had fled - so far underground, that something must have happened to make the man resemble his animagus form.

And Remus, he hoped his lover was alright, but even that wasn't certain, not with the way the fanatic Light supporters were talking. For all he knew, Remus had been dead for almost as long as he'd been in this cell.

Shaking his head, he wiped the tears from his cheeks, not to forget Harry, his little Prongslet, who was somewhere out there, but that too he didn't know. He hoped Dumbledore didn't get a hold of him, James and Lily would never forgive him if that happened.

He couldn't believe how blind he had been, how blind they had all been, how willingly they had believed the lies the so called Lord of the Light sprouted, and for what, for a supremacy of Light natured wizards, who willingly bred with magicless humans, killing them all off in the next couple of centuries.

He wished he could apologise to his parents, that for all that they were strict, they had meant the best for him, meant the best for him and his friends even, but he hadn't seen it, hadn't been able to. Now it was too late, he was Lord Black now, his parents had passed away not long after he had been incarcerated, drowned into the grief of losing their two sons.

He heard from dear Bella, his cousin, that most of them had been picked off the streets for one thing or another, hell she, her husband and brother-in-law had been picked off at the international portkey point, because apparently they would have tortured the Longbottoms to madness.

Kind of impossible if you were on holiday in Spain, now was it. But they had witnesses, and people who swore they heard Bella brag about it in Diagon Alley of all places. It didn't make sense, but as the three of them were each other's alibi, it was decided they had been guilty and covering for each other.

It had landed them in Azkaban, innocent as Sirius was, for no other reason then their affinity. It was racism in its purest form, and by the so called good guys at that, Dumbeldore was getting more and more bold in his moves, especially since almost no Light natured wizard was in Azkaban to begin with.

They committed crimes, ones sometimes more severe then the ones people that ended up here, but they had their affinity going for them, so Dumbledore talked his talk, and made sure that these people got a much less severe punishment.

Leaning against the bars of his cell, Sirius tried to take advantage of the fact that the dementors were gathering outside, so either they had company, or some other poor sod was being brought in.

Heels on the floor let him know it was most likely a visitor, as female prisoners got the standard prison gear, just as much like the men, so no heals for them. He knew because Bella complained that they took her best pair of heels from her when they threw her in here.

The heels stop in front of his cell, and he hefts his head to look into a face he knows, even if she had aged, he still recognized his former co-worker.

“Madam Bones.”

She nods, “Lord Black, we were wondering if you were up for a talk?”

He narrows his eyes at her, but nods, backing off from the bars to let the guard open up the door there, stepping through it, he hissed as a magic suppressor band is slapped on him, before he is guided to one

of the interrogation rooms. He's seen the look on some people when they return from there, and he hoped that he won't be one of those people.

He hoped that Amelia is still the same as he remembers, and not some fanatic that comes here to destress or whatever, as the guards are all sadists in their own way, and would never report anything of what happens here to people on the outside.

Entering the room, he stops at the man he sees sitting there, not someone he knows personally, but anyone worth something knows Tedrick Parston, or his partner Cornish Wilson. If you wanted legal representation, these men were the best of the best. Someone very important had hired Tedrick then, and he was almost afraid to find out who.

Amelia shooed the guard out, before she closed the door and took a seat.

"Sirius, we… Tedrick here came to me with some information we wanted to get your side from. Not only that, but some things that he told me, have made me question everything that I've ever been told. We're here to make sure that you do get a trial and your innocence gets proven."

Sirius snorted, "then you'll have your work cut out for you then, Dumbledore will never let me leave this prison alive, not if he can help it."

Looking at Amelia, he adds, "you better start preparing trials for the other prisoners too, as soon as word gets out I got a retrial a lot of people will begin searching, or ask the help of Mr. Parston or Mr. Wilson, to get the same thing done for the people still in here, especially because most of these people are either here for a minor

misdemeanor and were locked up because of their affinity. Or are totally innocent as well, and were put away because it was convenient.”

Chapter 12

Amelia sat there, totally in shock, before she asked, “you mean that none of the people here have had a trial?”

Sirius shook his head, “they did have a trial, if you can call it that, just to prove them guilty all on the word of someone Dumbledore trusts and without any evidence, except the ‘witness report’ from the man on Dumbledore’s side. Same as with me, they wanted these people off the street and unable to do anything useful in society.

Which is something that is easy to do when you’re chief Warlock of the Wizengamont and everyone is used to listening to you, so used in fact that they trust your word without anything else.”

Amelia just sat there still in shock at what she was hearing, “what?”

Sirius nodded, “if you look into it, the only people in Azkaban at present are only people with a dark nature, no light natured wizard, and some of them are here on ridiculous charges, ones that got light inclined wizards or witches a slap on the wrist, but these people had to serve time for that.”

Amelia shook her head, “that can’t be right. I mean, there is no way.”

Sirius tilted an eyebrow, before looking at Tedrick and back to Amelia, “then why are you here, if you don’t want to believe it. I’m here without even a trial, what’s to say so many others got a sham of a tial, all because of our dark nature.

Some of the people here are even just used as a scapegoat for

something Dumbledore and his men did, that's how I got here, remember. I know what was going on with James and Lily, but it was easier to get me locked up, as he didn't need me."

Sirius looked down, "I don't even know what is going on with Harry or Remus, I doubt Harry knows who I am anymore, and I fear Remus might not even be alive anymore - for all that Dumbledore preaches about second chances and all that, I doubt his supporters would have let a werewolf live."

Amelia gasped, she still remembered Remus Lupin from when they were in school, and he was everything opposite from what they were told a werewolf was. He was gentle, and caring, good in school, and loved his friends so fiercely she was sometimes jealous of all of them.

"But… How?"

Sirius shrugged, "I have no idea, but I think if you start cracking this egg, you're going to see a side of Dumbledore not a lot of people see. One I think the light side has never seen, which maybe it is time they do; he used people under his command and threw them away after they outlived their usefulness. Or when they start to think for themself, and those ideas don't align with his own, he also has no use for them."

Amelia didn't know what to say, everything that Sirius was saying seemed to be true, and with everything Tedrick told her about the Black, she knew that everything being said right now would only bring her more of a headache.

One that she would have to tackle, after all, to know that so many people were being detained in the worst prison known to mankind all because of their magical nature, not even because of what they did. Some had done a crime, but not one that was severe enough to be

locked up in Azkaban.

She sighed, and ran a hand over her forehead, turning to Tedrick, “how do you suppose we go at doing this? As I didn’t like anything I just heard, and even worse, knowing that there is a person in the ministry that takes advantage of their standing in the world, and in the courtroom, to make sure that people he doesn’t want to deal with just get locked away.”

Tedrick also nodded, “to hear this from you, Lord Black, it gives me a lot of information I can use to help these other people. I’ll let my colleague know so we can look over every court transcript of the last few decades, contact any remaining family and see what we can do for those poor souls still here.”

Before anything else, Tedrick looked at Amelia, “Madam Bones, I would like to speak to Lord Black alone for a moment if that’s alright.”

Amelia pursed her lips for a moment, before nodding and stepping outside of the door, waiting outside in the hallway until Tedrick was done, and the guard could take Sirius back to his cell, even if she couldn’t believe she’d have to let an innocent man be carted back to jail.

Inside the room, Sirius looked at Tedrick Parston, the older man smiling softly at the Lord in front of him, “I was asked to give you a message, Lord Black, so you would know that everything is alright with your godson.”

Sirius blinked, “Harry?”

Tedrick nodded, “the account manager for the Potter accounts asked me to go to Madam Bones, after his client found out you were locked

up in Azkaban without a trial, especially when it was enclosed in the Potters' wills, which were sealed by Albus Dumbledore, not a day after they died. By the former account manager, he was, as dictated by goblin law, executed for illegally taking control over accounts.

Anyway, I was told to let you know that Lord-Heir Potter is residing in the inn, and has since the day after his parents died. Albus Dumbledore has tried to get his hands back on the young man, but he's too protected. None of us have heard from Remus Lupin, but I was told Lord-Heir Potter would send a letter to him, to try and get him to meet him at the Inn."

Sirius sighed, a tear making its way down his face, "is it odd that I am so glad he's there and not wherever Dumbledore wanted him to be. Is he happy, do you know?"

Tedrick nods again, "from my understanding Lord-Heir Potter is very happy where he is, right now, even if he is worried about you and Mr. Lupin, he might not remember the two of you. But he still worries as both of you were friends of his parents. The same goes for Peter Pettigrew, but the owner of the inn got word that he's alright, if in hiding."

Sirius nodded, he never forgot that Peter willingly became the Potter's secretkeeper, and was their route to the Dark Lord, when they talked about switching sides. He knew that the smaller man had found his place among the Death eaters, just as most of their classmates had.

Peter might not look like it, but he was also dark natured, and had been so scared when he told them that he was, and that he'd been approached to join the other side.

"I am glad I at least know that, would it be possible to let me know when Remus makes contact with Harry, so I at least know he's alright

too? If he ever wrote me none of the letters reached me. Even with everything that you and Amelia will be doing, I still expect it to be a long time before I am released from this hellhole."

Tedrick just sighed, but nodded, "I have no idea how long it'll take us to get you free, Lord Black, we came here to protect you as keeping you in the ministry would mean you would be killed the moment our backs are turned. I have several other cases where Albus Dumbledore is called out, and each needs me to make sure the man never finds out.

The one time he did, let's just say that my client got killed in a freak accident not long after word got back to the Old Coot, I never could prove it, but the man's also too protected all around."

Tedrick sighed again, "I have a whole list of things I am sure Albus Dumbledore is responsible for, be it directly or indirectly, but no evidence to support it. Until your case, that is. I will do everything I possibly can to make sure this gets brought to light and the man gets what is coming to him."

Sirius nodded, "thank you for that, if you can, could you take a message back to Harry for me?"

The man nodded, "of course."

Sirius gave a small smile, "can you tell him that I never stopped thinking about him, and that I am beyond glas he's at the Inn and safe from everything that we went through thinking that Albus Dumbledore did indeed hang the moon."

Tedrick nodded, "I'll deliver it as soon as possible, Lord Black, and I will make sure to come visit you the moment I know more. I'm sure

Madam Bones will do the very same, together we will make work in getting you out of here. In getting all of you out of here."

Sirius grinned, even if it was lined with the fatigue he must be feeling, as well as the gaunt look his face had, "thank you, for everything."

Tedrick nodded, leaving the room and letting the Lord be carted back to his cell, while he joined Amelia Bones, who had gotten a list of all the people incarcerated here right now, or those that died within these walls the last two decades.

"We're going to shake the very foundations our society has counted on for years on end, I am almost afraid at what else we will uncover while doing this."

Tedrick smiled wryly at those words, "I have an idea, from all the cases I had the last half a century, I'll keep you posted when I find anything useful, madam Bones."

She nodded, before the both of them aparated off of the island at the aparation zone, each going their own way, thinking about everything they heard today, and dreading what it is they'll find out soon.

In a cottage on the coast of Ireland, a light brown haired man was surprised to find an owl waiting for him in the morning. He hadn't gotten mail in ages, and didn't know what to expect either. No one wrote to him, no one that he counted as a friend was alive even, not as far as he knew.

So, opening the letter, he choked at the name on it, signaling the sender of the missive.

Sobs tore out of him at the knowledge that he had forgotten about his cub all these years, that nothing in his mind thought about finding Harry and looking after him. He had abandoned the child of his best friend, and the godson of his husband, and he had no idea how such a thing was possible.

Taking a deep breath, the tears still streaming down his face, he read what was in the letter, and where Harry was now, safe and taken care of in the Inn. Which was something he had heard about, but as someone siding with the Light Side, he didn't think he'd be welcome there.

But Harry, his cub, was inviting him there, so he had to go, if only to fall into a trap and be reunited with his family, he would take this chance, it would reunite him with family one way or the other. It wasn't like he had anything to lose by going, he didn't think he'd have anything left.

Tidying up the rental, he gathered his belongings, meagre as they were, and apparated into Knockturn Alley, taking a deep breath before he entered the building proclaiming it as the Inn. Whatever happened now, he would deal with it, just as he had dealt with everything the last decade.

What he didn't expect was a teen to wrap his arms around his waist, pressing close into him, until the scent invaded his senses, it had changed, but it was still very recognizable as Harry.

"Cub", he uttered that word before he broke, feeling hands other than Harry's catch him as he crumbled, clutching the teen to his chest.

Chapter 13

Harry knew that Remus' reaction would be severe, but he hadn't expected the grown man to just start to cry and crumble in his hands. He was glad that Fenrir and Dimitriv were close by, catching the grown man and holding him upright while he didn't let go of Harry.

While the position wasn't the greatest, he knew that Remus needed this, needed to be sure that he, as his cub, was just fine. That whatever Dumbledore had done to the werewolf hadn't screwed him up.

When he felt the man stop shaking and the sobs slowed to a stop, ge let go, feeling Remus slowly do the same thing. Even if the man caught his hand and didn't seem keen on letting him go. Not that he minded, he might not know this man all too well, but this was one of the people chosen by his parents to look after him should anything happen to them.

"Remus?"

The man sniffled, "I don't know how I could forget you, how I could forget Sirius, or think that Sirius would be willing or able to betray James and Lily like that."

Harry shook his head, "Sirius didn't do anything, and neither did Peter. If you want to blame anyone, blame Dumbledore, he's the cause of most of the things we're dealing with right now."

Remus sniffles again, noticing that people were holding him up, looking up he found a dark haired man, who smelled like a vampire on his right side. The man's longish black hair was pulled back from his face, allowing his unnatural silver eyes to shine all the more. The

fang peaking through at the corner of his mouth let Remus know this was indeed a vampire, but an old one, if he wasn't mistaken.

Looking at the other side, he froze for a moment, recognizing the man holding him up on that side, ever since he had been shown a picture as a small child, telling him that this was the man, or the werewolf, who had bitten him.

Just as the picture back then, wild dark blond locks were framing an angular face, one which had a heavy nose and full lips set into it, all of it framing golden eyes that were looking back at him with something he didn't expect to see in the eyes of someone the light side branded a pervert and a child killer.

He sighed and relaxed, feeling the two men loosen their hold on him as he got the strength to hold himself up again. He did however notice that neither man wandered very far. Fenrir stayed at his back, never coming closer, but a noticeable presence.

The vampire went to Harry's back and sat there on a chair looking at him with very knowledgeable silver eyes, a small smile on his lips.

"I… Hi Harry."

Harry snorted, "hi Remus, or would you still like to be called uncle Moony?"

Remus gasped, "either is fine, as long as you call me something. I didn't know what to think when I got your letter."

He swallowed, "I thought it was a trap even, and I wouldn't have

minded it either, as it would bring me back to people I love."

A voice growled out from behind him, "you've been all alone for the last 10 years?"

Remus turned to the man that had turned him and nodded, "I… no one knew that I was a werewolf, except those that taught me and Albus Dumbledore. I… I tried to get custody of you, but as soon as I tried, I would get a politely worded letter saying that it would be such a shame if the world found out what I was.

I never tried to think about it, and kept trying in other ways. Until Dumbledore came to pay me a visit. I don't really remember a lot from after, only that he assured me that you were fine and I was fine with wherever you were. I didn't even question it."

Harry snorted, "that's because Dumbledore couldn't have a dark natured wizard, or a dark creature raising his little weapon now could he. He needed me to look at him like he hung the moon and stars the moment I entered Hogwarts."

The vampire sitting behind Harry snorted at that, before covering up his mouth as he started laughing, making Harry and Fenrir smile too.

He looked at all three of them, "I'm missing something."

The vampire smiled at him, "Remus Lupin, my name is Dimitriv Tepes, I found Harry here on a doorstep on a cold November night, resting in front of what seemed to be a muggle household. None of the adults seemed keen to come and check on what was on their doorstep, and as such, I took him away instead of leaving him out there the whole night.

As I made my way back here, to the Inn, I was stopped by Lord Death, who told me that by taking Harry with me, I would be changing his whole fate. After all, had he stayed there, he would have grown up in the household of his maternal aunt, never knowing about the magical world and believing everything that was told to him as he entered it again.

Which was of course, just as Dumbledore wanted, as it would make sure he was fed the dogma that has kept the Light Side standing for the last 50 years."

He looked at Harry, a smile still on his face, "but doing as I did, that wouldn't be happening, he would grow up here in the Inn, learning the old way, and from the beings that still practice the true Magicks, instead of only the light ones taught at Hogwarts. He'd have a look in the real way this world was run, and the way we were dying out if Dumbledore and his ilk were left in power.

It also granted Lord Death the ability to claim him faster, and unlock a hidden inheritance that would normally only be presented to him as a teen, when everything that he went through would grant him the three Hallows. Now, he can learn to control his gifts, knowing that the Hallows will make their way to him eventually.

For he is the first natural born Necromancer since the Peverell Brothers, and as such favoured by Lord Death."

Remus blinked a few times, trying to process all that he was hearing, before something clicked, "Dumbledore left him with Petunia?"

Dimitriv tilted his head at that, "I think so, she looked like a blond with an unnatural long neck, really gaunt in features too. Her husband

looked like a whale."

Remus sighed, but nodded, "she's Lily's sister, and one who despite all of Lily's efforts kept insisting that we were something unnatural, just for having magic. Her then boyfriend was a paper pusher at some company, and liked his normal life thank you very much. We saw them one at Lily and James' engagement party, because her parents had forced them to attend. Neither seemed to enjoy being there, and everything we tried to get them to interact with any of us would be shot down with a snobby gaze and a turn of the head.

In the end they left early, and while Lily was devastated, the mood made a 180 turn just by that. The fact that he would have been left there, it sends shivers down my spine."

Harry hummed, huddling closer to Remus, something the werewolf seemed to like the way he wrapped his arms around the teen in his lap, "but that didn't happen, Dimi took me away and raised me here, in the Inn. I learned so many amazing things, and that knowledge only got fed by my trip to the goblins yesterday."

He looked at the man he was cuddled up to, "it was why I decided to write to you, as the overview I got from my parents wills, as well as the fact that Dumbledore tried and succeeded for a while, to get himself appointed as my magical guardian, that made me think that if he was willing to seal off wills and lock up innocent men, then what else would he have done, to be sure that I grew up the way he wanted."

Dimitriv and Fenrir snorted, making Harry smile slightly, "I know that, but I could still try. If for any reason you just didn't want anything to do with me, I'd also know that."

Remus started shaking his head at that, so fast in fact that he was

turning himself dizzy, “I would never. I loved holding you as a baby, and loved you from the moment I laid eyes on you. The very thought that I couldn’t do as we are doing now, hurts me beyond comprehension. It’s like… like…”

A voice answered in his stead, “like your heart is getting ripped out, because you can’t be there for your cub.”

Remus looked at the older werewolf sitting behind him, and nodded very slowly, “exactly like that.”

Harry said, “that’s what Fen has been feeling ever since he had to give you up, uncle Moony. He did bite a lot of children, but they were all ill or abused, but was sadly never to reclaim those cubs, as the Light Side only used it as extra ammunition to paint him even more as a pedophile and someone who enjoyed tearing families apart.

The fact however, that no one noticed that most of those kids died soon after, was kept a secret. As muggles or even Light families didn’t want a werewolf in the family, happier to deal with them as they weren’t transformed, then letting them leave - as that would bring shame on the family.”

Remus gaped, “but killing their own children didn’t?”

Fenrir shook his head, “they always spinned it so the child attacked their family, mostly in retaliation to the abuse they suffered, or to get out and find me. So when they were killed, the families were protecting themselves and they had to hurt themselves killing their offspring because I bit them, not because of the way they treated them before.”

Remus gasped again, “and me?”

Fenrir frowned, “you’re a bit of a different case, in that your parents left you in the woods knowing that I was there. They had seen some of my pack at the local bar and just left you there. When I found you, you were so cold, I knew a human toddler would never survive, so I bit you in an effort to save your life.

Of course, this was the exact moment your parents and the aurors stormed into the clearing, with your mother claiming I had stolen you right out of your bed. It was a trap, to get me arrested, or even better killed. So, I left, trying to make sure that I and my pack were able to get away without any troubles.”

He looked away, “I lost my best friend that night, when he was willing to stay behind and fool the aurors into thinking they had killed me. He gave up his life so that we all could get away.”

He sighed, “I went back for you soon after, but by then your family had moved and I couldn’t find you anywhere. I found out much later that your parents had gone to Dumbledore like good little sheep and he had made sure I couldn’t find you anymore. I needed to wait until you came to look for me - if you ever did that.”

Remus whined, “so I wouldn’t have grown up alone?”

Harry was the one who answered, “in the magical community a turning bite, by whatever creature, counts as guardianship. Had these wizards followed the same laws, Fenrir would have counted as your legal guardian. But they are blind to what they don’t want to see, and were more excited at the prospect of catching a werewolf that, according to them, bit and killed children for a sport.”

Remus whined again, prompting Fenrir to slowly approach, Harry

backing away to Dimirriv, to see the two werewolves hugging, and Remus to just relax, sagging in Fenrir's arms as if someone had cut his strings. From the whines they were still hearing from the younger werewolf, and the grows from the elder, Harry assumed that after so many years, Remus' wolf might just finally settle.

Chapter 14

Fenrir carried Remus upstairs after that, the younger werewolf just having fainted from everything that he had heard, experienced, and most likely also from the fact that for the first time since he was bitten as a child, his wolf and human halves were able to agree on something.

From the look on Fenrir's face Harry could deduce that this happened a lot of times with those wolves kept from packs in the Light's demented way to keep those people away from 'the beasts'. However, in doing so they made sure that they snapped a whole lot sooner without a pack around them.

This was one of the reasons so many young bitten wolves made it to adulthood, without a pack around them, they went mad and attacked everything around them. With this happening Light wizards attacked, thinking that the wolf had taken over, and in a way it did, but only because they wouldn't let the werewolves be werewolves.

Remus on the other hand, had the luck that he found friends that stuck by him even after finding out he was a werewolf. And who went the extra mile to become animagi to keep him company and give him a pack, no matter how unconventional it was.

With that taken care of, Harry couldn't help but think back at the look Remus had once Fenrir hugged him and his wolf finally clicked into place.

"He's been alone a lot, hasn't he, Remus that is?"

Dimitriv nodded, "you have to see, Hadrian, that the Light thinks that by suppressing the wolf they can make a normal person out of a

werewolf. Yet, when that misfires, it is always our fault - or in these cases the wolf who bit them - instead of the people that are making those children suppress a part of their own identity."

Harry shook his head, "he can stay here now, can't he?"

Dimitriv snorted, "I think Fen will tear out my throat if I even suggest Remus has to leave again. He has been looking for the man for a very long time, and it is only because of you that he even came into the Inn today. Not only did he find you, he found himself, and if he allows it, he will have found a family too."

Harry gave a small grin, before that too was wiped off of his face, "is this how it keeps going, and how they manage to get us so oppressed over the years?"

Dimitriv sighs, and nods; "they keep hunting us, killing the young ones, even if they don't mean to, so that we disappear from view, which makes it a lot easier to forget we're even here. Seeing as so many of us wave gone underground, or have been holled up like we've been, they think that we've gone away."

He scoffed, "they actually all think that the Elves left the British Isles and the World in general, just as they are all under the impression that there is such a thing as the Underhill, where the Fea went to. All of them just couldn't be bothered to deal with them anymore and kept hidden, made sure that no one could find them, or haunt them. As such they have been forgotten, and written off as tall tales or myths even by those that should know better."

Harry shakes his head, "this is just sad to be honest, and then to think that I should just go to this school is Schotland and let them pump my head full of all that nonsense."

Dimitriv grinned, wrapping an arm around him; “am I glad that this isn’t the case right now. You’re doing amazing in your studies, better than you’d ever have done in Hogwarts. It might have been the finest institution in the Magical Community at one point, back when everyone was normal and the Magic and Magical communities weren’t separate. But right now, all Hogwarts is, is an institute that breeds in the dogma that Dumbledore keeps telling himself. It isn’t the school it once was, and it certainly isn’t the school the Founders wanted it to be.”

Grinning up at his guardian, Harry leaned against the older man’s side, closing his eyes as he felt the man pulling him in closer. For all that Dimitriv always made it clear he wasn’t anything more than Harry’s guardian, the man never shied away from giving him affection. A hug, or a kiss on the forehead, and back when he was smaller, the man made time no matter what he was doing to make sure that he was tucked in.

Harry hummed, “have I ever thanked you for what you did for me? For taking me away and letting me grow up here?”

Dimitriv scoffed, “you don’t have to do that, I did it because I wasn’t going to let a child set out there in the cold for who knows how long. Even if you’d been a Muggle child, I would have done the same - only not take them here, but I would have dropped them off at a hospital or a police station or something.”

Running his hand through Harry’s dark hair he added, “now, stop being so grown up, you’re only eleven. Go have some fun, alright?”

Even though he knew Harry loved to run around in the inn, Dimitriv felt like he should say something. With everything that had happened and was happening, he found Harry too serious for being only 11 years old. Not only that, but part of him found it a pity that he had

robbed the young man of his childhood, as the Inn wasn't a place where children, stayed children for long. The harsh reality set out every day again, and in the beginning they might not notice, but that never lasted long.

So lost in thought he was, that he startled when a hand settled on his shoulder. Looking back, he found Fenrir standing behind him, without Remus.

"Your cub asleep?"

The werewolf hummed, "I put him in the room between mine and Harry's, to let him sleep off everything that has happened these last few hours. He's going to need it."

Dimitriv nodded, "a lot had changed, both in his life, as well as in view of the world. He'll need time to give it all a place - even more so with the fact that it was Dumbledore that killed his friends, instead of the Dark Lord. Not to forget that his husband might just be joining us soon."

Fenrir blinked at him, "Harry got word back on how they were doing on that?"

Dimitriv shook his head, "no, but I know Silverclaw, he'll only put the best of the best on this case. I suspect that we'll soon find the newspapers screaming at us that innocent people were locked up in Azkaban. It might not clear, or set free, all of them, but it will be a start."

Fenrir scoffed, "for everything that they follow the Old Coot blindly, they all behave like teenagers all the time, it's shameful really. I mean, even though their newspaper is nothing more than a gossip magazine,

they love sensation so much, that it rises above actual news."

"That's how they managed to keep the first killings a secret, remember, because some high ranked ministry officer got caught cheating or something, that had to make room for an article about a group of creatures being killed just outside of Glasgow.

When it was referred to a few weeks later, it wasn't anything anyone paid attention to as they hadn't read the initial article, and as such we were pushed aside."

Fenrir shook his head, leaning against the vampire, "not for long, the right people are being told the secrets that we kept with us for so long. And for once they'll be forced to look, to listen and to feel what is really happening outside of their own bubble.

Especially with Dumbledore's fall from grace coming closer, some of these sheep will have to find a way to deal with what has been happening these days, and how much they were able to just ignore it - out of sight, out of mind - as they say."

Both of them looked at Harry, who was flitting around the inn, serving people, performing first aid, or just chatting with whoever came in. If they didn't know better, they'd assume that Harry already had taken over as Innkeeper, he was such a natural at it.

Fenrir pointed it out to Dimitriv, "he's never going to stand for it, for the world going back to how it was with Dumbledore in power. Not with how much the Old Coot took from him and his family. He was raised without beliefs and without the biased views that most wizards and witches get raised, or confronted with when they enter the wizarding world, should they be muggleborn.

He sees it from our side, but none of us hold grudges against people, only against those that are hunting us, or that we know have slighted us. In comparison with the Light Side, who brand everything different as dark, and who change everything that makes us magical so the Muggleborn or Muggle raised people feel better about all of this."

While they were talking over all that, Harry was doing what he loved, and it showed. He was talking with Mrs. McFolley about her family, and even if they had to hie what they were, she was always so happy to tell him about her children and the way they were growing up so fast.

Same thing with people that came in for the first time, they just sighed in relief at the fact that they didn't have to pretend to be anything they were not, and in the first minute they mostly let go of whatever glamour they were holding up.

Harry just greeted them all like they were regulars, leading them to a table and asking them if they were there for a drink, or for food too. And what it was that they would like.

Most of them also kept on gaping at him, once they noticed the birthmark on his face, and either knew what it meant, asked what it was, or were told what it was by other patrons or people in their circle.

In all, everyone just loved to see Harry, and for all that he looked like a normal human, the birthmark told them all that he was something not seen in a long time. When the older patrons told the newer ones that Harry would change the world, they would all nod along with them. Seeing it happen just the same, if only because of the way he treated everyone just the same.

Well not everyone, he obviously held a huge boon for Dimitriv and

Fenrir, but no one seemed to mind. They, together with Integra, were the people - living ones at least - that had raised him after all. But with what they were seeing people were looking forward to what the future would hold, and how it would once more change in favour of them this time.

Rumours were after all that the Dark Lord was also gathering strength and with him and this young man together, they might actually stand a chance to bring the world back to the balance it needed.

In a castle in Scotland, a black dressed man was made privy about the fact that his best friend's son, the boy he had risked everything for, wouldn't even be coming to Hogwarts this year. He had promised to keep Harry safe, but wouldn't be able to do so with the boy not here this year.

It only caused him to laugh uncontrollably, to pack up his belongings and to get the hell out of the hellhole that was Hogwarts. He'd find Harry on his own, and make sure that everything was alright with Lily's boy.

The Old Coot could suck it, nothing that happened now would keep him back, not when his unbreakable vow bound him to Harry Potter, and not to Dumbledore, or the school.

Chapter 15

The moment Severus arrived in Knockturn Alley, he couldn't help but heave a sigh, for all the years he had been in Hogwarts, the castle felt more and more like a prison with each passing day. The way that Dumbeldore's magic seemed to swallow the whole castle, making his own darker magic try to fight it off.

It felt like something trying to turn him inside out, all because of the way the man didn't seem to get that trying to manipulate a darker inclined person to the Light Side, just didn't work. That was like trying to move vital organs, all of those had a function in the body, same with Dark inclined people, they couldn't just become Light inclined.

In Knockturn alley however, everything was emitting a slight amount of Dark Magic, something that made his own magic finally settle down as it wasn't being coaxed to be something it was not.

Already he felt a million times better, people around him didn't look up even, some did nod when he walked past. For now, he was sure that he could get a room there for the time being, while he made sure his current home was sold and he could buy somewhere Dumbledore couldn't find him.

As he opened the door, he should have guessed something would be going on here, he had heard the rumours of course, that Dimitriv after ages had found an heir to take over the Inn, should he ever give it over. But looking at the number of people sitting in the inn, he was shocked to recognize Remus Lupin talking to Fenrir Greyback, he had to idea either were on talking terms.

Seeing the teen that stopped at their table however, made him sigh. He should have known that of all the places, this would be the one place Dumbledore never would think to look at, nor realise that Harry

Potter had been underneath his nose all the time.

He snorted, gaining the attention of the two werewolves seated by the bar, they both looked up and saw a smile on Remus' face.

Harry on the other hand, came closer, and he choked what he thought it was on the boy's face. A true necromancer to walk among them, no wonder that Dimitriv saw this as a worthy successor.

The teen tilted his head, "hi Severus, your mom says hi by the way, She told me to tell you she's proud of what you did with her legacy, and that you're an even better potions maker then she is. Which is saying something, as she taught me potions making. Please take a seat, I'll be with you in a moment."

As if on auto pilot, Severus made his way to the table Remus and Fenrir were on, the younger werewolf patting his back as he took a seat, still looking after the teen in shock.

"He does that, you don't want to know how I reacted when he summoned Lily and James back to this plane just so they could hug me."

Severus looked at Remus, "he can do that?"

Fenrir was the one who answered, "he can do a lot of things that should be impossible, even for another natural Necromancer, Lord Death took a shine to him, told Dimitriv that by changing fate Harry would be able to develop his gifts sooner than he would otherwise. He has a habit of calling people back from the dead if it helps their relatives."

Severus looked at Remus as he was told this, noticing just how great the werewolf was looking. Last time he had seen the other man was when they had both been notified that James and Lily were killed, and that Sirius had been carted off to Azkaban for their betrayal.

It was also the night that both men had been told that Harry had been taken from the ruins of his parents home and places somewhere only Dumbledore knew. The grin on the old man's face however, told them that neither would get to see the boy before he was grown. Which of course had Severus accepting a job he didn't want, for the sole purpose of being able to look over his best friend's son.

"He was here the whole time?"

Remus' face changed, a dark look taking over, "Dimitriv found him on the doorstep of a home in Surrey."

Severus blinked, "you don't mean?"

Remus nodded, "Petunia and her lard of a husband would have been permitted to raise him, but neither of us were, not according to the Old Coot."

An accented voice spoke up behind them, "of course not, he couldn't let his precious weapon fall into the hands of a werewolf or a dark wizard. That's the same reason Sirius was carted off, as people believed the Old Coot when he told them he had been the secret keeper for the Potters."

Turning around severus found Dimitriv standing there, the ancient vampire looking at their table with a smile on his face, as he took a seat in between Fenrir and Severus, regaling the potion's master of just how he found Harry and what had pushed him to take the child

into his home.

“Lord Death appeared not long after that, telling me that in doing this, I had changed his fate, and allowed him to help him access his gifts sooner. It was a shock to hear that at one point in life he’s going to be known as the Master of Death, ever since his 11th birthday, the Primordial Being has been to teach Harry to harvest his own gifts. It’s why so many that have passed are here right now, they agree to come here for a little while and get a chance to resolve whatever it is they still have to resolve with their living relatives.”

Remus added, “it’s also the reason Lily and James are here sometimes, to at least watch him grow in a more hands on manner, as they already missed so much.”

Severus swallowed thickly, “are they around that much?”

Remus gave a soft smile, but before he could say anything, arms around his shoulders, as well as the scent of lilies made him stop. He didn’t think he’d be able to have this again, not after she died.

When he turned, there stood Lily, his best friend. Her husband at his side, and while neither of them were best friends, they had all managed to get along, at first for her sake, but in the end a certain bond had formed, enough that he knew they had been expecting before everything happened and he’d be godfather.

Lily took a step to the side, and the person standing behind her took his breath away, his mother stood there, her arms open for which he wasted no time burrowing into them. They even felt warm, in a way he never expected from people long dead.

He felt a hand running through his hair, as his mother had done when

he was younger; it was the thing he had missed most when he came home from school to find she had died sometime during the school year. Already buried without him being able to say goodbye, as that was how little they mattered to the man his mother had married.

It was also the summer after he had called Lily a ‘mudblood’ but still went to the Evans’ home to stay, as his father became even more of a monster that drank and beat on him, now that his mother wasn’t there to step in between them. He had apologized to Lily, and she had forgiven him. Even if it took almost all summer, it still meant that he was in a less hostile environment then he’d be in with his father.

It was the same every summer after that, which meant he’d been there when Potter became James, and they started dating. It was the start to mending more than one relationship.

As he felt his mother pull back, he almost didn’t want it to end, letting her go meant that she’d leave again, and he didn’t want to go through that again.

A laugh to his side had him looking at his pseudo-nephew, in the arms of his own father, “they’ll be here for a while, uncle Severus, none of them want to go back right now and I need to practice keeping spirits here for a longer time. You can let go of Aunt Eileen, she’ll still be here.”

He was reluctant to do so, but knew that he needed to. It helped that he was inclined to believe Harry, that letting go now didn’t mean that she would disappear just like that and he’d finally have the time to say goodbye in a proper way.

He looked at her and was shocked to see her looking so good. Gone was the stress of being married to Tobias Snape, gone were the scares she carried along before, all of it was erased to make her look like she was a young adult again. She didn't look old enough to be his mother, but she was without a doubt.

"I missed you, mom."

She smiled at him, "I missed you too, my little Prince, and I am so sorry for putting you through all those things with your father."

She looked down, "I didn't even love the man, but for all that the Prince line is a neutral family, my father believed every word that came out of Albus Dumbledore's mouth, it was him that found Tobias and convinced me to marry the man, believing it would result in a strong offspring.

When they died in the first war, he changed; as he didn't need to portray a front anymore, not to my parents or to anything else. The only way I could protect you was to stay with him, or so I thought, as Dumbledore did keep an eye on me, and you, as I was more dark inclined."

She shook her head, "With everything I heard and saw, I can't believe the word has gone so nuts for one man, believing his words as if they were the words of Merlin, himself. All he does is destroy our community and for what he believes his own muggleborn mother had."

Severus gasped at that, "then why did you stay with Tobias?"

Eileen smiled sadly, "because at least then I could keep an eye on you and protect you, had I left, Dumbledore would have found a way to

put you with him and had me locked away somewhere. He did it before, and has done it again and again, to make sure that people, innocent people, are under lock and key, and unable to stop him from doing whatever he wants to do."

Looking around, he noticed one person to be missing, "Black, Sirius, he's one of those people."

James scoffed, said, "he's not the only one, most of the people in Azkaban at the moment are innocent, or did a crime that in no way deserved years in Azkaban."

Harry hummed, "I have people looking into it, and if I perceive the messages correctly, they are planning on holding the retrial for Sirius as soon as Hogwarts is in session, the others are still a work in process, but whispers suggest Madame Bones is livid at what has been unearthed."

He noticed the way Remus' shoulders hang lower, and Fenrir hugged the younger werewolf closer, they had been married, hadn't they; Sirius and Remus, he was certain the werewolf had missed him mate terribly.

Looking at the teen still leaning against his biological father, he asked, "how did you manage that?"

Harry grinned, too much like Dimitriv in that moment that he would never forget who had raised the young man, "put the goblins on it, who in turn contacted Parston and Wilson, who hold a grudge against Dumbledore, so were more than happy to cooperate on this."

Severus hummed, he knew Lucius also employed the solicitors, and had heard from the blond just how amazing the two men were. They'd

make sure this would all be resolved, Dumbledore's reputation ruined beyond comparison and the people responsible for all of this behind bars instead of the innocents they had sitting there right now.

Chapter 16

The whole afternoon made Severus think of better times, even if some key members were missing, it didn't take away from the fact that he had managed to see his best friend, and his mother again. Especially as he had feared not seeing them until he entered the afterlife himself.

But instead they had stayed for close to a whole day, only leaving - or becoming invisible to the naked eye when Harry started becoming pale, Lily and James pressing one last kiss to their son's forehead before taking everyone with them.

Dimitriv caught his adopted son in his lap letting the teen rest there for a moment; praising him for the duration as to which he had been able to make deceased corporal again.

Remus meanwhile told Severus that this was the longest Harry had managed to keep them here, even if he was working towards days on end, his record for now was 12 hours (which was still impressive for a Necromancer only practicing for almost a month).

Severus from his side, could only stare at the teen looking dazed in Dimitriv's lap, one of the other people he recognized as being a long term employee of the Inn, Integra, went to fetch him a glass of water. As he rested, so did the colour return to his face.

He couldn't help but stare at his pseudo-nephew, of all the places he had assumed to be able to find the teen, here had not been on that list. But on the other hand, he was sure that no matter what happened Dumbledore wouldn't be able to get to him here. He was well and truly protected from whatever the Old Coot thought he could do.

Thinking about that made a smile appear on his face, he was after all

free from the Old Coot, as well as the expectations that came with working for the man. From now on, he was free to do whatever it was that he wanted to do, he was free to mingle once more with the more dark inclined, his own people, instead of the sheep that made up the people on the other side of the coin.

Glancing at Remus, he could see that the werewolf was looking at him as well, a look of understanding in his eyes, most likely because he too had found his freedom in coming to the inn.

“Remus, I never asked, how did you get here, for I didn’t even know you knew of this existing.”

Remus looked down, “Harry sent me a letter and suddenly everything made so much more sense. I came here, half expecting it to be a trap - but if it was at least I’d be together with my pack again.

Against my expectations; this all turned out to be quite real. With Harry more than happy to have me in his life again, even if I don’t think he remembers me quite from his childhood, he did hear from the goblins and from Lily and James just who I was and decided he wanted to meet me to get to know me again.”

Sighing, he looked at Fenrir, “coming here also opened my eyes to certain practices in Magic Community, and the way a lot is kept hidden just to make sure the Light keeps a hold of the ropes in all this. It also gave me a way to get to know Fenrir, without the Light’s prejudices, and connect in a way with the man who could have been my father if things had turned out differently.”

Severus could only nod at that, he had heard the rumors about Fenrir Greyback, but when he found friends in Lucius Malfoy and Regulus Black, and became acquainted with Bellatrix, the Lestrange brothers and Hadrian Greengrass, it was soon explained to him that a lot of

those rumors were brought to life by the light side to make sure that the Dark couldn't grow as it should.

After all, with Dumbledore at the helm, they didn't want the Dark Side to keep on growing, becoming more powerful than the Light - even if this would never happen, it only seemed that way as Mother Magic tried to restore the balance the Light had shifted.

After Hogwarts, when Lucius first took him to the Inn and introduced him to both Dimitriv and Fenrir, he was shocked to find that the werewolf in question wasn't some half beast psychopath. But rather a well spoken and polite man with slight aristocratic features, it also helped that he'd been open to listening and answering whatever question he had about werewolves, or the Magic Community in general.

When talks had started between, Lily, James, Sirius, Remus and himself about switching sides, the topic had popped up in his head multiple times, but he had never asked the other werewolf on his stance on Fenrir, nor the general accepted rules within the community (and those Dark inclined) about the semi-adoption of children that were bitten/turned at a young age.

All in all, it seemed like a better way of dealing with kids then the Light side had going on right now. After all, the only time they looked after children was when they either displayed a huge amount of accidental magic (which more often than not resulted in the child being bound in magic - which slowly drove them insane as the magic didn't have an outlet, or it drove them to become an obscurus which made them a creature in the eyes of the Light) or when they became of an age where they could attend school (meaning 11), leaving quite a number of years where if the children were in an abusive household, they could die, get erased from the records and never remembered as they weren't old enough.

He had heard from Fenrir, and now Remus, that the reason many

children were bitten in the first war was because their parents were mistreating them and they wanted to help protect them from that, even if it was of no use with the Light Side not recognizing those laws.

Looking at Harry again, he saw a teen willing to do almost as much as the Dark Lord had been willing to do, to give the Dark Side a chance at surviving. However, with how their last meeting went, he was kind of scared of being divided between Harry and the Dark Lord, in terms of loyalties, especially if they were at odds with one another.

Harry, as if noticing that he was the topic of his thought, turned to him with his head tilted.

“What are you thinking so hard on, Uncle Severus?”

Severus pondered on what he could say next, after all for all the maturity Harry had shown today, he was still only 11 years old. Looking at the other adults at the table, he found them looking at him, their eyes telling him to just go ahead with whatever it was that he wanted to ask.

He sighed, before looking at the teen again, “what will you do when the Dark Lord rises again?”

Harry tilted an eyebrow, “join him, seeing as that was what my parents were trying to do that night on Samhain, when Dumbledore had to stick his nose in things not his business and decide if they weren’t on his side, they should be dead.”

Severus blinked, before a weak, “what”, passed through his lips.

What followed was Harry and Remus telling him that Lily and James had indeed taken steps to contact the Dark Lord personally to try and get him to see them, to give them a chance to see what it was that he was fighting for. They already had heard quite a bit from Severus himself, as well as various family members (blood related or married in) from Sirius, which had given them enough to know they wanted to meet Tom Riddle.

However, because of some reason, Dumbledore had been informed of what was going on and went to investigate, leading to what had happened that night. As well as the older wizard proclaiming that the Dark Lord had killed Lily and James, but that baby Harry had been able to defeat the man.

Harry rolled his eyes, “what followed was Dumbledore thinking that by dumping me with muggles, I would be raised ignorant of the world I was born in, and never able to find out the truth of what happened that night, nor the truth of where his philosophy is leading.”

Severus nodded, “but you do, and you know exactly what he has done.”

Harry nodded, “I do, so the chances of me joining him are non-existent. Tom on the other hand, is almost revered by the people who come here, for the fact that he did a 180 in terms of beliefs as a teen, and was willing to tear his own soul apart to make sure he’d be able to restore the balance Dumbledore broke.

Not only that, but he never hurt innocents, people opposing him in a fight are fair game, but all the raids that were talked about in the first War, were all orchestrated by Dumbledore and his more radical following. After all, when the Dark Lord didn’t go for the chaotic and drastic approach, they did it for him.

It's those same people that were put in high ranking places in the government, by Dumbledore himself, to make sure that people he wanted locked away, or that he wanted out of the playing field, would be locked up, secreted away, and in the worst case killed so that he could keep working towards a 'Greater Good' that holds no future for any of us, or any of them; only they don't want to see it."

Severus sat there shocked at what he was hearing, but oh so very glad that his loyalties weren't as divided as feared they would be. Harry spoke about the Dark Lord as someone he admired, and someone he wanted to join, and they each from their own place in society, worked towards making it a better place.

"So what do you plan on doing now?"

Harry got a mischievous grin on his face, "well for starters I put the goblins on the fact that so many businesses, people or products have used my name to promote their own products, or used my name and likeness without asking for permission. They are all going to get a letter soon enough that they are fined for doing that to a minor without permission of his legal guardians. And with the fact that no one knows where I am, they won't be able to ask Dimitriv for it anyway.

Not only that, but I know for a fact that Dumbledore gave them all permission, to promote the fact that I am a Light Side Icon, and to make sure that enough Light minded children would love to be my friend, making sure that when I did enter Hogwarts, they would make sure I 'didn't stray' or whatever. With that coming out, the first whispers of doubt will begin to circulate, that Dumbledore never knew where I was, and illegally got my guardianship (which is the truth).

Adding to that, as soon as Sirius gets his retrial and that hits the papers, the shit is really going to hit the fan, making Dumbledore fall out of favour fast. And making sure that some people get a wake up call they aren't ready for."

Severus, as well as Remus, were gaping at the teen, not knowing what they needed to say about all this. Dimitriv on the other hand, looked at his charge with a twinkle in his eyes, “you sure thought this out very well.”

Harry blushed, “Silverclaw has been helping though, and taking vindictive pleasure in sending out the notes with the fines on them.”

Dimitriv snorted, “I can imagine, it’s their own fault really, using a minor for their own promotion and just trusting the word of the Old Coot instead of looking into all this. Had someone done that, they would have known the wills of your parents were frozen and he illegally claimed guardianship of you. Which was made void when he left you alone on a doorstep at the beginning of November; in a Muggle neighbourhood at that.”

Chapter 17

Severus had to confess that spending this much time at the Inn had not been the intention, but with the fact that a lot of the people he loved (Death or alive) spend most of their time there, it was an easy solution to just spend a longer period of time there.

Especially once he found out that Remus also practically lived there, finding that now he had left the hermit live behind, that being alone brought too many shadows with it. He was still a social creature and needed a pack - something he hadn't had since Lily and James died, and Sirius was carted off to Azkaban.

To have that again, with Harry thrown into the mix, and with the man who could have been his father in another life, he loved staying at the inn, and interacting with all kinds of people that walked through that door.

Even more so when he found out how small the group of literate people were, some of them got by with learning what their parents and grandparents taught them. But others so desperately wanted to learn, but were never given the chance as the current leading body didn't allow people with obvious creature blood to participate in society.

So, Remus with his gentle nature, pleasant voice and love for teaching and learning, could be found in the main dining room, with more than a few people around him teaching them basic things like reading and writing, how to do basic math and arithmancy.

He even made sure to include magic lessons, and those were soon a huge success, especially since he too had learned to tap into the extra magic the wolf provided, giving him the capability of wandless magic - as so many creatures could.

Severus found that a lot of people came to the Inn for magical treatment, seeing as they didn't get it elsewhere, and with Harry despite being a Necromancer, also a very good healer, they had learned to come to the Inn instead of trying their luck in St . Mungo's.

Seeing what came over on a day; from children getting hurt in their own yard, to people getting targeted by Light inclined mobs just for the fact that it was obvious that they had a creature inheritance.

It was sad to see, to be honest, and the main reason he started brewing in earnest again, to make sure Harry - who was a decent enough potions master (obviously, as his mother had trained him) - had enough in stock to deal with every crisis that came his way.

Living in the Inn made him get a glimpse into the life of those that hadn't been able to walk around freely like so many of them were able. With the archaic way the Light side was banning everything even remotely Dark, which in their eyes also included everyone who didn't look human - or was easily recognized as a non-human - just for the bias Dumbledore held that it was the creatures that were killing this society.

Except for all that, it was obvious to see that the way Hogwarts had been declining, back at its start the school was the first one in the world, welcoming every kind of Magical into their walls, to make sure they were safe from prosecutors with the rise of Christianity.

But more, it used to hold so many more classes, to give everyone something they felt like - Light, Dark and Gray magic, the Neutral arts, healing, runes, even elemental magic.

But with an influx of muggle born students (which to be honest was

the community's own fault, for abandoning squib children in the muggle world) which had connections to major families just the same, it was just never looked into or told to those children, making it easier for them to disappear back into the Muggle World when it was too different.

To make them feel more welcome, certain classes were stopped, and that's when it started. Slowly, more and more classes were scrapped, leaving only the bare necessities. Some muggleborns also were religious and saw several creature students as Devil's spawn - which led to a whole new sort of problem.

Sad thing, that because the Muggleborns were needed (or at least needed to be protected from the rising Witch hunts) the choice had been made to ban certain creatures from attending. Not long after, the Ministry used the same rules and started their purge of certain creatures, leading to the segregation of the Magic and Magical Communities.

The potion's master clicked his tongue as he rubbed burn salve on a little girl's arm, het quit sobs hurt his heart, and he didn't even like children, but it hurt him to see a little born vampire burn by a solar spell, all because of what she was.

He was glad that the vampire gene from the Prince line was inactive, and removed too many generations to impact him in such a way, but it was very telling to know that this is what would have happened to him had anyone known what it was that slumbered in his blood.

Looking at the parents of the little girl, he could see the Mother trying to hold in her tears and appear strong for her little girl. Yet, what had happened to the little girl should have never happened, least of all because this family had been out too close to dawn and had paid the price.

He shook his head slightly, but looked at the little girl as he was done, “there that should do the trick.”

Turning to the parents he added, “leave this on for at least 1 hours so it can reverse the burns. If she still has pain tomorrow, feel free to come by again, either I or Harry will be here to take another look.”

The mother hugged her daughter close to her, while the father let Severus know how much he appreciated the help they got here. Before they just had to hope no one was too seriously hurt and pulled through - too many younglings all over the community had been lost like that, all because they were at the wrong place, at the wrong time.

Amelia Bones knew she needed to plan her next moves very carefully, hoping that Dumbeldore didn’t get wind of it until it was too late. Everything that happened now could make or break what happened next, even if she was so very looking forward to the fall out the Old Man would have after this.

She had made sure to gather people into her circle, who she was sure that were open to helping her find out with getting to the bottom of this, and for once and for all they could get enough evidence to prove that Dumbledore and his ilk had been biased beyond belief and were doing things that hurt their society more and more.

Looking at the blond next to her, she’d never expected to be at the same table as Lucius Malfoy, but the man was known for his outspoken opinion against Albus Dumbledore. Only recently did she realize that there was some truth to his words.

Especially after finding out that Sirius Black, as well as so many others had been incarcerated into Azkaban, for the only reason that they had a dark nature and needed to be taken out of the way for Dumbledore and his extremist.

She knew that Lucius was as dark as they came, and that the chance of him still being on the Dark Lord's side was high, but after everything she had been told, she was doubting that even that was the truth - after all, all they heard about this so called Dark Lord, had been told by Dumbledore.

She sighed, before starting to tell the people in front of her why she had called them together and what she wanted to do, to get one up on the Old Coot that was changing the world more and more towards his own image.

She could see all of them looking at her in interest, as if they were seeing her for the first time in a long time. But Lucius, true to his nature, started plotting that same moment, after throwing a grin in her direction. For all that they hadn't gotten along in school, she was glad that she'd kept in contact with those that were at this table right now.

It was a cold day in October for the inn, lots of people had come inside for a warm beverage and to enjoy the heat the fire gives off, instead of staying outside in this cold weather. When the door opened, emitting a man with a large grim-like dog.

Remus, sitting at the table that had been dubbed the family table, looked up as Tedrick Parston approached, his eye falling on the dog next to the solicitor, gaping.

Before he could get up, the dog was replaced with a man with a gaunt face, with shoulder length black hair streaked in grey and grey eyes.

The whole Inn halted as they seemed to realize Sirius Black was standing there, without anyone reacting.

Tedrick smiled, “as of an hour ago, Lord Black is a free man again, I’m sure you will all find the evening Prophet to be on its way, to let the whole of the UK know just what had happened to him, and by who. We’re still working on the people incarcerated unjustly, but this is a win for us already.”

Severus had to smile sadly as Remus started sobbing, his face hidden in the obvious borrowed robes Sirius was wearing. Not that he could blame the werewolf, a lot of changes had been happening in his life, even moving now that his husband was back with him.

Severus nodded at Tedrick, “thank you, I’m sure He’ll be overjoyed to see Sirius again, we thank you for everything you’re doing.”

Tedrick waved him off, “I’d do this for free, just to finally one up the Old Coot, but the generous pay is welcome all the same. I take it the Young Lord isn’t here at the moment?”

Severus shook his head, “he’s having fun with your partner suing everyone who ever used his name or image in their promotion, products or publications.”

Tedrick laughed, “I can see how he can have a fun time with that, I’m sure I’ll hear all about it later than. If I don’t see him, pass along my greetings?”

Severus nodded again, “of course, Tedrick.”

Looking at the couple caught in their embrace, he noticed the Black Lord looking at him, a questionable look in his eyes, making Severus grin.

“Who do you think is the mastermind behind all of this, Black, because it sure isn’t Remus or me.”

Sirius looked between his husband, and someone who was a tentative friend, especially after they knew for sure that they wanted to go to the Dark Side, Severus had been able to help them get the needed information. He had hoped of course, onde Tedrick explained that Harry had sent him, but he was being realistic.

Looking around, Severus and Remus shook their heads, “he’ll be here soon.”

When Harry entered the inn a few minutes later, he was shocked to see another black haired man sitting at what was seen as the family table. Taking a slow step forward, he got to look at his godfather for the first time in years, the man gaping at him, his eyes flitting over him as if to try and take in every part of him.

“Harry.”

He smiled, “Hello Sirius.”

The man stood, almost falling down in his haste to get to him, hugging him close as his arms closed around Harry, leaving the teen to ponder on how it would have been growing up with this man. Don't get him wrong, he loved growing up with Dimitriv and Fenrir, and Integra, but it wasn't the same.

For now, he'd just relax into the hold the man had on him, hugging him back, knowing that his father was just waiting to give his best friend a heart attack. But that could wait, at least until he was sure that he was used to the fact that his godfather was back and a free man.

Chapter 18

It had been close to 10 years right now, 10 years of being without a body, without a way to continue his purpose - and more importantly, 10 years wherein Dumbledore had free reign to do what he wanted to do, regardless if the consequences were dire for the Magical world.

He had entertained the thought that the Potters had managed to do a set-up, that they had been working with Dumbledore all along, and the 'talks' they had requested were just ruses to make his guard go down.

That was until he remembered the look on James Potter's face and the way he had jumped in between his wife and their child, the moment Dumbledore's wand turned to them. The way Lily Potter née Evans, had looked at him, as if asking what she needed to do before he told her to take the baby and run, while he and James held him off.

But it had been of no use, Albus Dumbledore, as he had come to expect from the old coot, had come prepared. Locking the house he had placed under the fidelius - to protect the Potter - with the way his magic was intertwined with the wards, making it so that none of them could escape. He also remembered seeing the look in the old man's face as he sucked the magic out of the Potter Lord through the wards, killing him soon after.

In a moment of weakness, for a young father that had wanted to do the best for his family, and his friends, who had lost his life - as so many before him - to the greed and delusions of an Old Man, he had been struck by a spell and cast out of his body. His body turned to ash, no doubt to make sure no one was able to see which spell had been used to make it so. After all, the great Albus Dumbledore couldn't be seen using Dark Spells.

He didn't know how Lily Potter fared, but going by the rumors he had heard she too had perished at the wand of Albus Dumbledore, leaving their son an orphan, to be raised - no doubt - listening to people preach about the greatness of Albus Dumbledore.

He shook his head, in the way a spirit could do so, thinking about what no doubt must have happened after that. How Dumbledore would have been able to seize even more power to his fraction, and to the extremists that followed him. Part of him was scared to know how the Dark inclined population of the UK was fearing, and if there was even such a community.

"Tom"

Looking at his familiar, he was just glad that Nagini - the clever snake that she was - had been able to find him without help, soon after all this had happened too. She had been able to protect him when he was trying to piece himself together. Trying to pull on his horcruxes, the slivers of soul that they were, to be able to form a spirit form. He'd be stuck like this for a little while longer. At least until he was sure that he had someone able bodied to provide him with a new body.

That in itself had taken close to 10 years, as it was only now that he could reply to Nagini.

"Yes, Nagini?"

She beamed at him, in a manner of speaking, *"you have managed to remake yourself then?"*

Tom nodded, *"that I did, but I hate the time it took me to accomplish this. If there had been word that I was here, word that got to the wrong people, I don't want to think about what would have happened."*

Nagini sighed, *“but it did not, there has been no one who came looking for you, no one except me, and I’m not in the position to tell anyone else.”*

Tom sighed as well, *“I am aware, but that doesn’t take away the fear of it happening anyway. If Dumbledore or any of his extremists find out I am still alive, he’ll stop at nothing to kill me. To make sure that his perfect vision of the world will happen - damned be those that don’t fit into that.”*

While she couldn’t coil herself around him, not in the way that she had been doing ever since he found her just after his schooling, he could see that she longed to do so anyway, or try to find a way to do so anyway.

“It has not happened, it does not do you good to dwell on what might have happened or what can still happen. It is not happening now, and should not be something to worry about. What you should be pondering about is how we can get you into a body again, and how you’ll be able to pick up your duty as Lord of Dark Magic once more.”

If Tom had a body, he would have run his hands through his hair, *“I know that, but right now, I just fear being discovered, and that in itself is keeping me from trying to find someone, anyone - who might be able to help me get corporal again.”*

Before he could say anything else, a voice from behind him made the Dark Lord freeze, fearing he had indeed been found, “maybe I can help with that.”

Harry was sitting in his room, close to midnight after doing his chores

in the Inn. Seeing as he had been at it for more than he had needed to be there, Dimitriv had sent him up to bed. Telling him that if anything were to happen, Remus, Severus and Fenrir would be more than enough to handle it.

Before going into his own room, he had stopped at the one that had become Remus' - the one which now also held Sirius. After everything that had happened, he had used as much magic as he was able to, as well as potions he and Severus had made, to get his godfather to something close to healthy (even if it would still take a lot longer before the man was totally alright). Right now, the Lord Black was sleeping, dozing as the magic of the potions did their job in fixing him up after the suffering he had to endure in Azkaban.

After checking up on the man, he had made his way to bed. Only to find himself in the situation he was in right now, looking at Lord Death from where the Primordial Being was seated across from him.

"You want me to do what?"

Death had chuckled, "I want you to ask me to restore Tom Riddle back to a corporal form."

Harry blinked, "but… you're Death, why would I need to ask this of you?"

Death had grinned at this, "because you're already beginning to form toward the title that is yours by right - namely the Master of Death - you still need all the pieces there, but other than that, you will be recognized as such. I recognize you as such, as do Fate and Life."

He paused for a moment, "I cannot interfere in mortal deputes, nor can I interfere with someone directly, someone not dead that is. But

you can, and you can ask me to do so, seeing as there are still limits to the power you can wield, especially with you being so young."

Harry hummed, "that still doesn't explain why I need to ask you to make Tom Riddle corporal again."

Death grinned once more, "because I just found out that he has pieced together his mind, and is wandering the forests of Albania, trying to find a way to become corporal again without giving his position away to Dumbledore. That is where you come in, if we are able to help him achieve this, he can pick up where he left off before October 1st, 1981."

Death sighed then, the way his shoulders sagged and his eyes turned downwards telling Harry the being was thinking of not so pleasant thought, "I believe we need him to come back, now, instead of later, as I fear waiting longer will tip the balance in a way we cannot rectify anymore. So many have been passing me these last few weeks, it's almost as if the extremists are trying to make sure the Dark doesn't have a chance to rise up again."

Harry looked at the Being, "is it becoming that bad then?"

Death nodded, "it is only getting worse the longer the years go by. Before they tried to do this in secret, so no one would now. But in recent years, more and more have joined Dumbledore's regime, believed his dogma, and think that the decline of the Magical Community is the fault of the Dark, instead of their own genocide of Magic."

Harry pondered on this for a moment, "and if I do this, Tom is bound to you, or to me? Because I don't want that for him, he's still the Dark Lord, he should be able to pick up right where he left off - not paying off a debt he owns either of us."

Death was grinning again, “ah, this is exactly why you’re the perfect Master of Death, Harry, you always keep thinking about others instead of about yourself. But to answer your question, no he would not be bound to either of us. He will however appear here, as you were in essence the one who summoned him.”

Harry gasped at that, “I better let Dimitriv know then, just so he knows what I am up to. And who we should expect to visit.”

Death chuckled, “rest first, little one, we can do this in the morning, I didn’t mean to rush you this hard. But it needs to happen, and soon, for the balance is shifting once again, and not in our - or anyone’s - favor.”

Tom slowly turned around towards the voice, fearing for just a moment that he had indeed been discovered by a fraction of the Light. Ones that should recognize him, would do anything to banish him, or call on Dumbledore to do it for them.

What he didn’t expect was Lord Death to be standing there, in all his dark glory, looking at him and making him feel so much smaller than he knew he was. But then again, anyone with a sound mind would feel small in the face of a Primordial Being.

He bowed his head, “Lord Death.”

The being nodded, “Dark Lord, I am relieved to have found you, after searching for a number of years I feared that despite your precautions you were lost to us forever.”

Tom shook his head, “I was not, even if it was a close one, I needed some time to - reassemble, if you will - myself. But now that I have managed that, I still find myself at a loss on how to have a body again.”

Death grinned at this, “isn’t that a coincidence, I have a way to give you a body again.”

Tom glared at the Being, for all that this was indeed a primordial, he didn’t feel good just accepting a deal without knowing all the details. Who knows what he was agreeing to.

Death rolled his eyes, “no need to glare at me, Dark Lord, I happen to have a new Necromancer running around. One who will soon surpass even me in powers, he was willing to help without a cost, because he admires you and wants to help reset the balance before it goes even more out of whack than it already is.”

Tom pulled his bottom lip between his teeth, “what’s catch?”

Death shook his head, “no catch, although you will be transported to the room my new Necromancer is in. Seeing as he offered to be the focus of this, it’ll bring you back to England so much sooner though. And I’ll even make sure your familiar follows just after you leave.”

Looking at Nagini, and seeing her nod, he nodded at Death, feeling the smile the being was sporting before he felt himself being pulled in another direction. This was a lot faster than any ritual he could come up with.

Chapter 19

Tom didn't know what he was supposed to feel, on one hand he was glad that someone was willing to help him get a body again. Willing enough to ask a Primordial Being for help with that.

But it also made him wonder just what kind of person he was going to encounter. What kind of person would the future Master of Death be, who was able to ask whatever he wished from Lord Death.

Part of him hopes it was someone willing to stand with the Dark Side, and help them conquer the part of their community that was theirs by right, before Dumbledore's dogma started to tip the balance in the other way.

He could almost feel himself being pulled into too many directions, before it all stopped and he opened his eyes, that he wasn't even aware that he had closed. Blinking a few times, he recognized a room in the Inn - having stayed there quite a while, especially when he worked at Borges and Burkes.

But to know that the necromancer that had brought him back was either a regular here, or someone that lived here full time, put him somewhat at ease. He got along great with Fenrir and Dimitriv; to know that they were looking over this fledgling necromancer meant that he was already partial to the Dark Side, and as such a potential ally.

As soon as the room stopped spinning, the door was thrown open, the men he had been thinking about standing there. Both in awe at seeing him again - which was someone he could understand, not wanting to think about the lies Dumbledore told the community.

“My Lord.”

As they bowed slightly, he nodded, “Fenrir, Dimitriv.”

The vampire of the two of them was looking at someone behind Tom, someone that he must not even have sensed.

“And you, I thought we send you to bed so you could get some rest.”

A young voice came from behind him, making him turn and stare at the necromancer when he spoke, “this isn’t totally my fault! Lord Death asked for my help, and well, I knew things would take a turn for the better with the Dark Lord among us, again.”

Dimitriv sighed as Tom turned fully to look at the teen standing behind him, the dark hair and vivid green eyes betraying just who it was that was standing here. The only thing that he didn’t remember the boy having as a baby was the very obvious marking of a necromancer on his forehead and temple.

“Harry Potter.”

Harry nodded, “My Lord.”

Tom gave a grim smile, “you know…”

Harry nodded; “about my parents, yes I do. Nothing that happened that night was your fault, My Lord, but Dumbledore. It is one of the reasons that I knew we needed you back among us.”

Tom looked at the teen questionably, “how do you mean?”

“Well, I never showed at Hogwarts, he’ll keep looking. He can’t have his little weapon straying from the path he put me on.”

He rolled his eyes at that, making Fenrir and Dimitriv snort as well, some kind of inside joke then.

“Plus, he’s losing some of his key players with uncle Remus, uncle Sev and uncle Sirius here, instead of where he can keep an eye on them. He’s slowly losing those that he wants to keep close, and the fall out of that will be seen soon.”

Dimitriv snorted at that, “and because you put Tedrick on informing Amelia Bones that most of the people in Azkaban were put there on false statements, or because Dumbledore needed them to be out of sight and out of his hair.”

Harry beamed at the vampire, “that too. Mr. Parston did terrific work with getting Siri out of the prison, and I know he won’t stop until the others are free too. The fact that he can one up Dumbledore with it, is something he would do for free.”

Tom had to grin at that, he had his run ins with Tedrick Parston more than a few times before he was otherwise engaged - or without a body - and the man did have a very obvious hate for Dumbledore and his ilk. The fact that he got away with defending only those Dark inclined was also a sight to be seen. The fact that he and his partner were one of the most sought after lawyers also meant that the ‘Light Lord’ couldn’t do anything to them.

But it did him good in knowing that there were still those out there that were fighting against Dumbledore, each on their own way - to

make sure that the man couldn't win.

"I am glad that my absence hasn't been able to give the Old Coot too much of a head start."

Dimitriv smiled, "maybe we can enlighten you, My Lord, but I think Hadrian needs his rest, especially after a day like today."

The Dark Lord looked at the teen who very obviously was trying to stay awake. He protested just a little as Dimitriv said that, but relented and was asleep before they pulled the door close behind them.

Dimitriv sighed as they stood in the hallway, telling Tom about how he had found Harry as a baby, and what Death had told him this meant for the teen now sleeping, as well as the Community as a whole.

It also brought with them a way of getting those that came to the Inn, the medical help they needed. With Remus and Severus arriving, they also had people that were able to teach those that wanted to learn that which they were denied.

Tom hummed, "that's quite a lot more permanent residents than I remember you having, Dimitriv."

The vampire gave a nod, "it is, My Lord, but I have to be honest that I don't mind. Not when it gives everyone hope again.The news of your return will make them even more ecstatic."

Fenrir nodded along with the vampire, “it would mean the world to everyone to know you were whole and healthy again, My Lord, we all knew that something was wrong with the story Dumbledore sent out into the world. But none of us could figure out what was going on.”

Tom gave a small smile, “I never thought I would get a body again like I got it right now. I was already breaking my head in trying to find a way of getting it back - but nothing I could come up with would be without sacrifices I wasn’t willing to make.”

Suddenly he remembered something, “Nagini.”

Cold air surrounded them, untim Lord Death was standing there, said snake in his arms, where she got out soon after, the chill the Primordial Being gave off just too cold for a reptile like her. She wrapped herself around Tom’s waist and shoulders, sighing in happiness at the warmth he once again had.

Tom stroked her head, happy that he was able to do so again, after close to 10 years without being able to comfort his closest companion, or for his closest companion to comfort him with something other than words.

“Is there anything else that I need to made aware off, before I step out into the world again?”

Fenrir and Dimitriv looked at each other, before making sure that they gave Tom every piece of information they had about everything that happened in the almost 10 years that he had been incapacitated. Starting where they had left off with finding Harry, and ending with the fact that they had succeeded in getting Sirius Black out of Azkaban from under Dumbledore’s crooked nose.

The man in question still had some rehabilitation to go before he was back to his old self but it gave them hope for the others unlawfully locked up in the prison.

Tom hummed, “the dementors must know, and make sure not to have too much of an effect on those put there unlawfully. For all that they are being that feast on souls, they aren’t that thrilled at eating souls of the innocents. It is only the ones that are rotten down to the core that are tasty to them. Of course the Light Side sees this as everyone on the Dark side, instead of people among them just the same.”

The moment he took a step out of the darkness of the hallway and into the bright room under the inn, which was also dubbed as the dining room, everyone stood there gaping at what they were seeing. The moment they processed it, the room burst out in cheers at the fact that their Lord was among them once more.

Remus Lupin and Severus Snape sitting at a table close to the bar, just looked between the three of them, before sighing and asking; “Harry?”

Ton laughed at that, “I do believe that Heir Potter is quite the surprise to be around than?”

All four of the other men nodded, the look in their eyes betraying that he didn’t even know half of that. Which more likely than not was the case, if the teen got Lord Death to listen to him.

They spend the rest of the evening catching up on the things that Dimitriv and Fenrir hadn’t told the man yet. With Remus and Severus’ former ties to the Light, they were privy to much more inside information. Something that they could use right now, if only to be sure that the Light Side, and Dumbledore in particular, wasn't

planning something more nefarious than before.

None of them would put it past the man to get crazy, and do even more outrageous things, when he learns that everything is turning against him.

In a castle in Scotland, a certain Old Coot was passing in his office, not knowing how it had happened that Harry Potter hadn't shown up at Hogwarts. The fact that he insisted on the boy's name being read off of the list only made for more rumours flying around. Some of those indicate that the boy either died with his parents, or that he was lost to them who knows where.

He grinded his teeth, his plan had been perfect, left the little brat with his mother's sister, closed off from the Wizarding World as a whole, only to swoop in and become a role model for the teen. After all, after the thing that happened with Lily and James, he knew he couldn't let the remaining Potter have any dark inclined friends (which made his persuade the youngest Weasley brat to befriend the boy), nor could he let him do his own thing.

Just look at where Lily and James had turned out, such powerful pupils, but ultimately pulled to the Dark Side, so much in fact that he had no choice but to kill them.

Not that anyone would ever know, they all assumed Tom had killed them, it was the story he told them all, and they all believed it. His reputation was safe, and the knowledge that the Potters were changing sides was a secret they took to the grave.

The only other people that knew about it were either dead as well, in

prison, or slowly going mad in some cottage in Ireland. No one would be able to tell anyone what had really happened. Now to find the Potter brat and start molding him into the person he needed him to be, and of course suggest he funds their side for the war, as his father had done (at the start of said war - before they changed or were changing sides).

Yes, that’s how he would do it. That’s how he would play it, as soon as he found the brat. He couldn't be far away.

Looking at the empty pole in his office, he mourned the loss of his familiar, or that was the way he portrayed himself. He couldn’t let anyone know that his traturous bird had taken off to who knows where. There was still his reputation to think about.

He hummed as a letter from the ministry arrived, opening it and paling in fury at the news that Lord Sirius Black had been released on the account of the charges being dismissed, he had testified under veritaserum and was found not guilty. That was one more person he’s have to shut up, permanently.

Chapter 20

Tom couldn't help but sigh in relief when he heard from Dimitriv and Fenrir that the Dark Side hadn't fallen as much in decay as he had hoped it would. He knew that the moment Dumbledore got to him, the Old Coot wouldn't wait a second more to try and contain the Dark Side even more.

Without him out there, he knew that legislation would be agreed on that only benefited the Light Side, not seeing - or wanting to see - the harm he did to the Magical Community. He seemed perfectly content to just let the world fall into ruin and point fingers at the side that had been trying to make sure it was taken care of before the irreversible damage started setting in.

"So, it isn't as bad as I had feared."

Fenrir nodded, "some of yours - especially the Lords Malfoy, Nott, Zabini and Greengrass have been trying and succeeding in keeping the Light Side from gaining too much on us, for now at least. I don't know how much longer this will be the case, especially since Dumbledore is still looking out for Harry."

Dimitriv nodded at that, "as far as we know, he believed the Potter heir to be dead, but we all know that at one point we either come into the light, or someone sees him and lets it slip. We can't be certain that he hadn't already been tipped off with the fact that he suddenly couldn't access the Potter accounts."

Remus, still a bit on edge with the Dark Lord sitting there, hummed at that, "I think we can be sure that with him being blocked from the Potter accounts, he knows for a fact that Harry is still alive, just unreachable for him at this moment.

From what you have told me, he had himself set up as Harry's magical guardian and benefactor should anything happen to him. With that not happening and the goblin who helped him executed, he knows someone found out and changed the rules on him."

Tom nodded along with that, "I can already see him thinking like that, after all, without any changes - which could only be made by heir Potter - he should have been given access to the vaults. The fact that he would set something up like that, for a child, sickens me."

The other adults stayed silent, until Tom added to it, "but with all the other things that he has done over the years, I shouldn't be surprised he'd be willing to do this too."

They all nodded, pondering in silence on what the Dark Lord needed to know in his absence, there had been quite a lot happening. But with the public announcement that he had been defeated Dumbledore and his supporters hadn't been able to out dressed as Death Eaters and wreak havoc.

Remus excused himself soon enough, still a bit tense with the fact that his Godson had managed to get the Dark Lord corporal again, and that said Dark Lord was now here in the Inn. So it might be a bit cowardly, but he took to checking on Harry and finding the teen to be sleeping soundly in his room.

After, he went to his own room and got into bed with his lover, and mate, the same one he hadn't been able to be with for close to 10 years. He planned on enjoying that again, to be so close to his lover once more. They had both been waiting for a long time to have this again, so much in fact that Sirius, even in his potion induced sleep, was cuddling up to him. Wrapping his arm around the dark haired wizard, Remus closed his eyes and enjoyed this feeling, succumbing to sleep in no time.

Downstairs, Severus, Fenrir, Dimitriv and Tom were sitting in front of the fireplace, looking around the empty Inn. Most of the people had gone home, or retreated to their rooms upstairs leaving the four men alone.

Tom looked at the people around him, “Harry Potter isn’t at all what I expected.”

Those that knew the young teen snorted, with Severus adding, “oh My Lord, this isn’t even the start of it. Just wait until tomorrow morning, when he is awake and hasn’t been running around for close to 20 hours. If he’s up to it, you might even get a glimpse at the powers he is developing and mastering because of his Necromancer heritage.”

Tom blinked a few times, “there’s more?”

The three other men just started laughing at that, but nodded to let him know that there was indeed more.

Tom shook his head, he should have expected something from a teen that even Death spoke about to be an amazing Necromancer. Even at the time he hadn’t known that this was indeed a teen, he had been happy with the fact that there was someone out there that got him his body back and wasn’t asking anything in return.

It also put his mind spinning with plans and things he could do differently this time around with someone like Harry Potter on his side. A natural born Necromancer hadn’t been seen in centuries, if the teen only wanted to support the Dark Side and not have anything to do with him, he ‘d be jumping up and down in joy.

But then again, the fact that he felt so at home in the Inn already told him that the teen was Dark without a doubt. That he would do whatever he could to support them, maybe not at his side, or with his Death Eaters. But Fenrir and Dimitriv weren't Death Eaters either, they were just great friends that at times could be found mingling with his Death Eaters and helping out on his side.

He hoped the teen had the same idea as his obvious guardians. Even with Lupin and Black here, he suspected that all three of them would be staying here. Even if Lord Black was officially Harry Potter's legal guardian they wouldn't leave in fear of Dumbledore trying anything and tearing them apart from each other again.

"I don't know what to think about Lupin and Black, though."

Severus shook his head, "you have nothing to worry from either man, My Lord, they are both still adjusting to all the changes in their lives. But both stand 100% behind the decision of Lily and James to change sides. And more recently, for Harry's decision to help the Dark Side in whatever way he can to protect our world and everyone in it."

Tom looked at Severus, one of his most loyal, yet also the one that had been so very nervous to tell him that the Potters were thinking about switching sides, for the seemingly meaningless reason of them worrying about their friends (Lupin and Black), as well as the fact that they worried for their child, en any future children they might have, if they took more after the Black side of the family and weren't as Light inclined as both of them were.

Now thinking about it, they had been right to fear what would happen to their son, if Dumbledore's plan succeeded he didn't want to think about what happened to both the teen, as well as to the world around them.

He nodded at Severus, “if you truly believe that, I have no reason to doubt that. It would only benefact our side to know that our numbers are still growing and will keep growing.”

Severus gave a small smile and nodded, “that is indeed so, My Lord.”

With that, he also told the man that he was sure that they would have a lot of their friends free soon. As Mr. Parston was working very hard to gather the evidence he needed to prove that 80% of the people in Azkaban were there without a cause, or much longer than their crime deserved.

Once that got out, and the case of Sirius Black was linked to it, the public would get a glimpse of what had been happening under their nose. How far some of the figureheads were willing to go to come out on top.

Tom hummed, “Severus, remind me to ask Black if he has any idea how most of those still in Azkaban are fairing, I don’t want to go in this blind, if some of them have lost their mind I cannot allow them back into the field. Not with the reputation Dumbledore made sure we have.”

Severus winced, but nodded. He too had been wondering about the mental state of those in Azkaban, it couldn’t have been easy for any of them to stay locked up. He hoped that they could be freed soon.

The next morning was a lazy one, Harry had taken the warning of Dimitriv and Fenrir to heart and had slept in. Knowing that if there

was something they needed him for, they'd come upstairs to wake him.

With that they had left him be, he was sure that whatever had happened was something uncle Sev and uncle Remus were able to solve. Being the ones with the most knowledge in healing, and in teaching.

Showering and dressing himself, he took a peek into the room that held his godfathers, smiling widely as he saw Sirius awake in the bed.

The Black smiled just as widely back as he opened his arms and allowed Harry close for a hug. His dark haired godfather was still feeling thin, but he didn't seem as gaunt as he had been when he entered the inn two days ago.

"I can't express how happy I am to see you, Harry. The fact that I need to stay in bed doesn't even diminish that fact, I get to see you every day, and Remus is back with me. I don't think I need anything more."

Harry grinned, "that's good to hear, and I am glad you're already feeling better. Staying in bed is better to let the potions do their work. Not only that, but with the regimen we have you on, you'll be sleepy a lot."

Sirius grumbled a bit but nodded, taking the vial next to the bed and drinking the potion inside of it. Starting on his breakfast that appeared after he set the vial back down.

"I think you should also go down, I heard from Remy that you had quite an eventful day yesterday and they let you sleep in to make sure you had enough sleep as a growing boy. You need sleep, Harry, even if you're trying to better the world, you're still only 11 years old.

Don't try to do anything yourself, alright."

Harry blinked a few times, before nodding sheepishly, "I will try to think about that. But there is still so much to do."

Sirius nodded, "I know, but you're not alone to be doing all those things. Ask for help, delegate and remember that there are enough people out there more than willing to help. We're stronger together, and don't tell Remus I said this as I often forgot that too, but relying on others is the best thing we can do. The Dark will always support their environment, in contrast to the Light who are even inside their fraction divided."

Harry nodded, "I'll remember that, especially…"

His eyes widened, "the Dark Lord…"

Sirius tilted his head confused, making Harry explain that the Dark Lord had been granted a body back and had arrived here yesterday evening. He wouldn't tell Sirius his role in all that, as he wanted to surprise the man with a reunion with his parents.

"I need to go greet him, sorry Sirius."

The Black just waved him on, "try to also eat something when you're downstairs, alright, pup!"

Harry nodded back at his godfather, before he almost ran down the stairs, grinning at the guests he saw in their rooms, on the landing, or on the staircase. Coming down into the general room of the Inn and having most of the people there looking at him with awe in their eyes.

It would seem that something had already been said about his involvement with the return of the Dark Lord.

Chapter 21

When Harry did get downstairs, it was to find most of the adults he knew sitting at what was quickly becoming the family table. Patrons of the Inn never took a seat there, and even warned others away when they wanted to take place at it.

It was always kept free, and right now, it was loaded with foods for a brunch, Dimitriv, Remus and Severus staring at him until he took a seat and started eating. He knew that he had scared all of them with his no rest days - which wasn't the normal way of handling things for an 11 year old - the fact that he seemingly resurrected the Dark Lord after such a day was even more mind boggling.

And most likely the reason they would all be watching him like a hawk the coming days, to make sure he kept to a normal schedule, instead of one that most adults couldn't even keep.

In fact, he hadn't planned on being up for 20 hours straight, but it just happened, and he liked helping those that come into the Inn, so time flew by without him noticing he was dead on his feet. That was until Dimitriv told him to go and sleep - which he didn't do right away, as Death asked for his help in getting the Dark Lord corporal again.

Talking about the Dark Lord, he couldn't see the man around right now, all of those around him were the people he already knew. While the Inn was slowly filling with people they also saw everyday, there was no one here that resembled the man he had seen briefly yesterday evening.

Dimitriv and Fenrir noticed him looking around and gave a small smile, "he's still sleeping. After all, it had been almost 10 years since he had a full night's rest, let the man sleep, Harry."

Harry blushed at that, noticing that they had seen just who he was looking for. Before sighing, “I guess that was to be expected, with him being without a body and all. I hope he gets up well rested.”

Turning to Remus, he adds, “Siri was awake by the way.”

The werewolf beamed at that and rushed upstairs, Sirius had not been awake when he got up to start his day, and he didn’t think that waking the man up on such a heavy potion’s regimen was a smart idea. But to hear he had woken up on his own merit made his already amazing day even better.

Harry couldn’t help but look on as his uncle ran up the stairs taking two at the time to get the reunion with his lover that he had been thinking about ever since the Black Lord took a step inside the inn. The others could also only watch and smile, knowing that finally things were looking up for the Dark Side once again. For too long they had been forced to keep to the shadows.

After eating, Harry made sure to start his chores, wanting to make sure that when the Dark Lord did appear, he would have the time to sit down with the man and get acquainted.

Tom didn’t get down into the Inn until well past Noon, but none of them could say anything about it. Not when they knew for almost certain that the man had not been sleeping, or not sleeping well, for the past decade. The fact that he descended the stairs with Nagani wrapped around his shoulders and waist gave them all a glimpse of what the man was really like, instead of the portrait Dumbledore tried to paint of the man.

Harry on the other hand was almost vibrating in his seat, but kept to himself as the Dark Lord did sit down. No need to overwhelm the man, he was sure that the Dark Lord would be staying in the Inn for the foreseeable future, so there would be enough time to get to know and get to talk to the man.

After he ate, the Dark Lord did turn to him, “Young Potter, I must say that I wasn’t expecting this at all. But I must thank you for the aid you gave me in getting my body back, and for taking on the task of the next Innkeeper.”

Harry blushed at that, looking down as he stated, “it was the least I could do when Lord Death asked this of me. After all, it was kind of my fault that you were without a body for so long.”

The other adults at the table groaned at that, thinking that after everything that had been talking about, they were sure he had done away with that guilt he had carried around just after getting to know what really happened to the Dark Lord.

Tom shook his head, “that had nothing to do with you, not with your family. As with most of the things that do go wrong with the world, they can be blamed on Albus Dumbledore.”

More than one person in the Inn hefted a cup at that, a whispered ‘hear, hear’ following soon after. The inn was full of people that were slighted by Dumbledore, his way of thinking, or the mindless fools that followed the Old Coot.

As he had eaten, Tom took the time to study the young Potter Lord sitting besides him. His hair was longer than most heirs or lords wore

it this day and age, in fact Lucius Malfoy had been one of the only ones who chose to wear his hair long. But the young Potter Lord also wore it long, braids back in bits and pieces, interweaved with the spoils of his summons - beads, little bones and stones were braided into his hair, showing those that still knew about his rank as a necromancer. With the fact that he was a natural one, and not one that studied the art, he was much more advanced than anyone else could claim.

The fact that he had been working for the betterment of the Dark Side, and the added bonus of him incurring for his godfather had made sure the other prisoners in Azkaban were getting their cases reviewed again, only brought more positive news. Soon those of his following that had been locked up without cause would be free again, free to help him work against the Light and bring their world back to its former glory.

When the Dark Lord started sharing his plans for the future, starting with inviting the people who had been working in favor of the dark in his absence, and ironing out everything they needed to change as soon as possible.

He asked those that had been living in the Inn full time to start compiling a list of all the things they had encountered or heard that was all because of the Light regime and how it negatively impacted them as Dark, but also Magic as a whole.

Harry, being the most approachable because of his age, had started writing down everything he could think of, already in awe at the way Tom took up everything that he had been forced to leave alone all these years. It was almost as if he had never been away, or that impression was left anyway.

Tom in his turn, could see what Severus had meant that he hadn't seen anything yet, the way Harry Potter gravitated towards his dark aura, and the way he so obviously felt as dark as he did - not surprisingly giving his heritage - but that didn't take away that he could see a lot of himself in the younger wizard, giving him hope for a future when the time came to reveal themselves came.

He knew that a lot of his followers also had kids of the same age, but they were still exposed to the Light side, and were as such very differently raised then Harry had been, in the heart of the Dark Side, in a safe house filled with those of a grey or dark alignment.

He knew this could work, he knew things needed to change, and with this, with these people around him, he knew he would be able to succeed where before he failed.

Harry was still in awe with the way Tom took to the floor, telling others what he wanted to do, and listening to the things they all shared in what had happened over the last decade. Some things that he hadn't even known about made an appearance, and even when they included the dead of their own, the Dark Lord didn't let his rage show.

He was angry, without a doubt, as his red eyes flashed dangerously and the snake on his shoulders started hissing threateningly, most likely feeling the emotional tumold of her bonded. But that was it in outward rage, he just nodded and moved along, although Dimitriv assured him that the Dark Lord would remember to visit the family of the victim, and fight extra hard to make sure nothing like this ever happened again.

Soon they could start planning again, soon they would show the Light

that while they might try to keep them locked away, where there was Light, the Dark would appear eventually.

All around Britain, and Europe, people of all stations and backgrounds could feel the mark on their arm burn soothingly, invitingly, and with promise. He was back, and he hadn't abandoned them. They would rise up once more and fight for their people, and fight for magic.

Several people, namely Lucius Malfoy, Theodore Nott Sr, Marcellus Zabini and Hadrian Greengrass felt the call resonate from the mark they were proud to bear. Without question they apparated following the summons that drove them, and were in part surprised and in part totally not, when they found themselves at the Inn.

The wards that protected it would be enough to keep Dumbledore from ever finding out the Dark Lord had returned and was operating right underneath his nose. Quite fitting, seeing as Dumbledore enjoyed doing things behind the people's backs.

Arriving inside, they were all instantly aware of the man that was seated at a table close to the bar. The ever present Dimitriv close by, joined by Fenrir Greyback - both who had been close friends of their Lord, even before his fall.

Joining them at the table was Severus Snape, Lord Sirius Black and Remus Lupin, all of whom were regarded with distrust, but as their Lord didn't mention their presence, neither did they. The last person at the table was a teen who was busy writing away on parchment, only looking up when he felt the stares of the four men before them.

All four men who drew in a sharp breath at the birthmark on the

young man's forehead, one not seen for centuries, but undoubtedly welcome, especially on their Lord's side. A true Necromancer in their midst, a boon to grant them an upper hand in the war.

"Lucius, Theo, Marc and Hadrian, welcome."

All four of them bowed, "my lord."

Tom smiled at that, "I am sure all of you are familiar with Dimitriv and Fenrir. And with Severus, Remus and Sirius - I can assure you that all three of them are fully with the dark and have been ever since Albus Dumbledore killed Lily and James Potter. The last of our company is Harry Potter, who I am also sure you are familiar with."

Getting to know just who the True Necromancer was, was shocking, especially when rumors were floating around that Harry Potter was dead, and had been ever since Albus Dumbledore lost track of him. But seeing the teen sitting here whole and healthy, only told them that he wasn't lost, he just didn't want to be found.

Lucius snorted, "I think things are about to get a whole lot more interesting now, My Lord, with your return and these aces we have up our sleeves."

Tom hummed, "even more so when the others get freed from Azkaban as well, as Harry made sure to happen to Sirius Black. Parston is looking into all the people that were locked up around that time period, and how most of them, like Lord Black, never received a trial."

Chapter 22

It had taken them a year, but they had managed to compose every piece of evidence they had about the people that had been locked up in Azkaban. Quite a few ones had been locked up there for a good reason, but had their sentences prolonged without a valuable excuse.

Others had just been put there because they were at the wrong place at the wrong time, while the last category had been locked up because they supported something that hadn't been in line with what the people that had locked them up believed in. In fact, that last group seemed to be the largest. People with a dark nature had been picked up from the streets to be accused of something they had nothing to do with, all so Dumbledore could be sure that they wouldn't be in his way.

With the trial of Sirius Black indeed making headlines when it was proven that the man hadn't been the secret keeper, and when it hadn't even been Lord Voldemort that had been the culprit of what had happened to the Potters, it started a whole new kind of speculation.

Before, all everyone knew was Albus Dumbledore's word on what had happened, but now, people were questioning this, as he knew what had happened to the Potters, but if it wasn't the Dark Lord that had killed them, the possible subject became someone that divided the world.

When Tom, as well as the people he had asked to help him with making sure their friends were freed, and of course counselman Parston, it was just a small case of letting the right things slip in the presence of the right people. Within weeks people were calling for a new trial for all those people that were in Azkaban - the odds weren't that good for the Light Side, but they had to keep quiet.

Without any noise in the dark side of things, nothing could be done to try and move the people's attention to something that could be shoved into their shoes.

While Tom left clues, together with Harry, that had Dumbledore on a wild scavenger hunt to see if anything was pointing in either of his 'pet projects' were within his grasp, leaving Amelia Bones and Mr. Parston to have free game to start the retrials without the man sticking in his nose.

It had taken a lot of planning, and lots of talks between al those in the Inn, and all those involved, how it would be possible to keep certain things from the general population, but shine a light on things that needed to be known - such as the number of people locked up in Azkaban without a fair trial, who not unlike Sirius Black, had been disposable even if they were from some of the oldest families the UK had.

In the end, getting Dumbledore had been easier than they expected, by leaving a very obvious trial as to where the Dark Lord could be, followed by clues that pointed in the direction of the man having kidnapped Harry Potter, given Dumbledore to get his two presumed pawns while they were leading him around by the nose.

In the year that had passed, a lot of things had happened; Sirius had been cleared by Severus and by the mind healer that Mr. Parston had referred them to. He still had his moments, and he was tired easily, but he was well on the road to being alright.

As soon as he had been cleared, Harry had shown the man just what he was able to do. The look on his face when his best friend, and said best friend's wife had been standing next to him was something none of them would ever forget.

The way he had started apologising for what happened had been even worse, believing that what had happened had been his fault. James had taken him aside to have a talk that lasted close to two hours, but after they returned, Sirius looked a lot lighter. Like a burden had been lifted from his shoulders.

It still awed all of the people who were clued in on what Harry was able to do, Dimitriv and Fenrir; who had been around the longest told the other adults that they were still stumped every time Harry did these things that were so normal for him, but weren't seen or heard of for ages. But here was an 11 year old, who just did them because he could and just wanted to practice.

Back to the present times, Harry was 12, and had been for just over a week when he walked into Diagon Alley because he felt like it. His guardians, all four of them, had been comforted by the fact that he knew more than most 17 year olds that came out of Hogwarts. Helped along by the people that had taught him as a child, and continued by Severus, Remus, Sirius and Tom when these men came into his life.

He didn't even know why he wanted to go into Diagon, everything was very obvious Light inclined, making people look up and down their nose at him for even coming out of Knockturn, but as he ventured further into the Alley people didn't know he came out of the other alley and just smiled at him as they went about their day.

After everything that had happened, and was still happening, Harry couldn't believe that people were still so blind to what was happening around them. They were so willing to blind themselves for things that happened if it didn't involve them and their loved ones. He shook his head, they would all be in for the shock of their lives when the first of the retrials were published and it was made clear just what had been happening under their noses all along. The knowledge that if they were dark inclines, they were by definition evil would be debunked

soon enough, as soon as they had all the correct information and could start educating all those sheople.

Something was pulling him into Flourish and Blotts, so he followed his feeling, knowing that it always brought him something interesting. It must be a side effect of the title that would be his in time, after all Death knew all, so in time, so would he.

Browsing the shelves, he was shocked to find a blond haired girl not that much younger than him waiting for him, the look in her eyes telling that she knew a lot more than she let on. Her eyes were a very unnatural blue, not unlike…

“You’re Luna.”

She nodded, “and you’re Harry, mama talks about you all the time.”

Harry tilted his head, as far as he knew Pandora had not been able to make contact with her daughter, no matter how much she had tried to do so.

“I haven't been in contact with her, but I still know. I see it, I see her teaching you, as she would have wanted to teach me. Could you… can you tell her that I learned it alongside you, through my vision.”

Harry nodded, a little stumped, “you’re a seer.”

Luna hummed, “not fully matured though, and daddy doesn’t get it. He tried though, but he didn't get it. Mom’s death left him a little bit off, they were soulbounded and I know the only reason he didn't join her was because I am still around.”

Harry smiled at her, if she was already this powerful and able to see so much when she hadn't fully matured, she would be an amazing seer as she went through her maturity. The part of her father had him wincing, knowing that bounded pairs almost never survived the death of their partner - and the few that did were never the same afterwards - and would come to die anyway once their children or whoever else had been left, didn't need them anymore.

Luna shook her head, "I am well aware that daddy won't be here until I am fully grown, but that's alright, he belongs with mama, not here with me. It hurts him to be away from her, but he keeps going for my sake."

Harry held out his hand, "would you want to meet your mother?"

Luna's eyes widened, before her eyes went to the covered up mark on his forehead, before he nodded and took his hand, "I'd like that."

Harry smiled as he took her with him, making their way out of the store and into Knockturn without any troubles, the people in the darker alley nodded at Harry as he came by. They all knew him and knew just what it was that he did for them on a daily basis and were more than grateful for him for doing that.

Back in the Inn, all of the adults were wondering what was going to happen. Harry never had mentioned he wanted to go into Diagon Alley, but to suddenly tell all of them that he needed to go there but couldn't tell them why had them troubled at first.

When Tom, Severus and Remus confirmed that nothing was going on and it was just one of those hunches the teen got from time to time. They had proven to be very fruitful in getting information gathered about the people in Azkaban, as well as the people Dumbledore had that were impersonating Death Eaters and running amok to dirty the name of Tom's men.

But none of them had expected Harry to come back within the hour, dragging a blond girl by the hand. As soon as they entered the threshold the people that were normally invisible became corporal.

One of them, a blond woman who looked very similar to the girl he had brought with him, had slapped a hand over her mouth, tears running over her cheeks as she took in what had to be her daughter.

The girl, likewise, looked in awe at seeing her mother there, her silvery blue eyes watering before she had crossed to the room to throw herself into the waiting embrace.

Remus and Sirius, who had known Xenophilius and Pandora from school, couldn't help but feel for the little girl. She had to be a toddler or a little older when she lost her mother, which was of course way too young to have that happen. But looking at their godson they were reminded that some of the children didn't get a chance to know their parents at all. Luna at least had fleeting memories of her mother, Harry had only those he made with his parents as they had already passed.

Pandora was stroking her daughter's hair out of her eyes, "my little moon, you've gotten so big."

She grimaced, "how… How is your father doing?"

Luna looked down, “missing you, he’s slowly slipping away, but it’ll take until I finish school before he joins you, mama. He’s dealing well enough, I think being around me helps, but in equal amounts it makes him miss you even more.”

Pandora nodded, “you always did look more like me than you looked like your father, little Moon, I wish it had never happened, but it did, and it took me away from the both of you.”

Luna nodded, hiding her head into her mother’s chest, just seeing to sink in the embrace that she was brought into. It made Harry take a seat on Sirius’ lap, his godfather hugging him tight against his chest. It was something that all of them had noticed, how tactile both Sirius and Harry were - especially with each other, but also with the others they trusted.

For Harry it was in part to remember that there were still people here that were actually here and not brought back by the powers he wielded. While Sirius just needed to feel again after Azkaban where the only touch he had was Bella’s hand through the bars of their cells.

Not that anyone minded, in this last year all of them had become closer and knew what they were fighting for, what they were doing this all for. And the scene in front of them of a mother and daughter reuniting, even if it was temporarily, was amazing to see.

Chapter 23

Even though Harry was sad to see Luna go, she would be going to Hogwarts as one of the few non-light beings that he had met. But then again, the only thing that was different about her was the fact that she looked a bit dreamy at times, or sprouted things that didn't make sense at all.

After all, she had activated seer blood that was making itself known, only slightly now that she hadn't reached her maturity, but still, people who knew what to look out for would be able to guess what she'd be able to do once she became 17.

He feared that she would have a very lonely existence at Hogwarts, which was something that Luna herself told him, she was aware, but that this way, they had ears in the school that they hadn't had before. Even with Lucius as a governor, it wasn't the same as having a child who went to school there giving them the inside information they needed to keep on top of this war.

There were Death Eater children inside of the Castle, but Tom didn't want any of them, who were still lost to the innocence of youth, to know just what was playing behind the scenes. Plus, there was still the extra threat of one of them spilling that particular secret to Dumbledore, even unintentionally, rendering all of their planning moot.

Luna on the other hand, would never be noticed by Dumbledore, as she would just be seen as a somewhat simple-minded girl. The man would never know what a seer behaved like, nor would he think that someone like her would know what was really going on with the war. Add to that, that as a seer, she had a natural occlumency shield, as normal people couldn't comprehend what went through her mind.

Tom especially, had asked the girl if she really wanted to do this, as he didn't normally use children to do anything for him. Harry was a special case in that he was doing so much for them already, even when he had been little more than a spectre, and he knew after getting to know the Potter heir that he enjoyed helping others, which of course wasn't something they wanted to stop.

But Luna, nor Xenophillius, had any ties to any of them, except her budding friendship with Harry. But even her father hadn't minded if she wanted to do this, as he too was tired of the way Dumbledore was trying to run things.

Luna had just smiled at the Dark Lord and told him that she was sure that he was going to win, and that she wanted to contribute to that, contributing to making the world they lived in like it should be. Without all the dogma, discrimination and downright rasism that had been brought about by the very people that called themselves the Light Side, for the only fact that they didn't want to believe that the magic in their veins came from magical creature ansestors.

There was no such thing as a magical human, even less, having children with Muggles didn't bring about a magical child. The only so-called muggleborns were children of two people who had magical ancestors but weren't magical themselves.

But of course such a thing didn't fit in with a ruling body that wanted to merge with the muggles instead of keeping the magical community separated. And to do such a thing everything that was frightening to the Muggleborns and Muggles had to go, including their sacred days, their cousins who were not humanoid and everything (which was a lot) that went against Muggle religion (which in itself was laughable as it had been muggle believes that had brought upon the witch trials).

Luna also told them that while Dumbledore and his ilk wanted to kill off everything they perceived as dark, and this killed the entire

magical community with time. They, as in the so-called Dark side, just wanted Dumbledore and his extremists gone.

They didn't want to kill off whole families or even the whole light side, they wanted to fight for the survival of magic, as well as the survival of their race as a whole, instead of just keeping those that fit their image. They knew very well that there had to be diversity to be able to keep existing, which was something Dumbledore liked to pretend didn't exist.

Tom seemed stumped about that, even if all of them were aware that Dumbledore just loved to pretend certain elements weren't there, even if they were there in real life. The man really believed his own dogma, to such a degree that he was delusional and a danger for everyone around him.

When Luna left to prepare for her school year at Hogwarts, Harry was quite down for the reminder of the week. But then again, he didn't have any other friends his own age, and the one he did have now would be going to Hogwarts 10 months out of the year.

The blond had promised to pop in every holiday she was at home, and even more in the summer, but that didn't take away that even after finding a friend, Harry would have to miss her for a very long time.

The adults in the inn tried to comfort their favourite necromancer (the only one they knew really) but even that didn't work. The only thing that did take his mind off of all this was when a family entered the inn wounded and he, Severus and Dimitriv went about healing and helping them settle in.

It once again showcased just how bad the situation was getting, as each day brought about several people who had been the victim of a Light Supremacist, thinking that by killing off that group or family, the Light Side would prevail.

The numbers were getting bigger and bigger, and the Inn was slowly reaching capacity. Even if Harry and Tom, who without a doubt where their strongest magic users (even if Harry was only 12) had been coming up with ways to enlarge the inn on the inside to such a degree that they would never run out of space.

With Harry's abilities, they had even been able to bring back wizarding architects of ancient times, who had knowledge and experience of such things, who had helped them compile the needed runes. All they needed to do know was decide which side, or which sides, would be enlarged and start carving out the runes.

Dimitriv had already agreed to house the whole English Dark Side if he had to, but losing more of their bredren wasn't an option, not now. Not when the Dark Lord had returned, and even the rumors of a Necromancer, a true Necromancer, were making their way through their fraction and giving hope to the people. Hope that it would go back to how it should be, instead of the way certain people wanted it to be.

But in doing so, it also left them weak to the Light Side finding out certain aspects of what they were doing. No name had been attached to either the Dark Lord, or the Necromancer, but that didn't mean that the likes of Dumbledore couldn't figure it out.

This had been the largest reason Tom didn't want any other children involved, especially not of his Death Eaters, as they would know that it was him being back, and if brought here, that it was Harry Potter who was the Necromancer - which wasn't something any of them wanted to deal with. Not for as long as anonymity and secrecy was their biggest weapon.

“You can always ask the Dark Lord to train you.”

Harry blinked, before looking at Death from where the Primordial Being had appeared next to him.

“I know you’re bored, My Master, just as much as you want to be able to do more for the cause. But right now you’re not able to. All you could learn for the others you have learned, seeing as most had already been covered and you’re not kept back by the mentality of Hogwarts or the Light Side.

But the Dark Lord is a well of information all on his own, a lot of that would be beneficial for you too. It would give the both of you something to do, now that it was decreed that you’d stay low for the time being. The wards and space in the Inn will never run out, that is something even I have seen to. But you cannot be bored, not when the war really breaks out and it will be a fight to preserve magic or let it fade away.”

With those words, Harry set out to find Tom, to indeed ask the man to teach him the magic he already knew, to be prepared when it became prominent that everyone willing to fight did so.

What he didn’t expect, but had been curious about, was to find Dimitriv and Fenrir standing close in what was now their family living room on the top floor. Their embrace eluding that what he had suspected, was indeed so. He didn’t mind, his guardian and said guardian’s best friend had given off the vibe of something more on several occasions, but he didn’t pry and didn’t mean to pry even now.

Taking a step back, he didn't account for a squeaking door, as the couple turned around with wide eyes, Harry just smiling at them, apologizing for the disturbance.

"You don't care."

Turning to Fenrir as he said this, Harry just kept on smiling, "why would I care, if you hadn't noticed I have a pair of godfathers instead of a godfather and -mother, why would I care that you're together in any way?"

Dimitriv groaned, "because of the whole vampire and werewolf dogma?"

Harry shrugged, "which I was raised without, as I had the both of you around. No one else ever mentioned it to me, and I learned to look past so-called races and exteriors. You're all people to me, and in the case of you and Fenrir, you were there for as long as I can remember. If anyone were to ask, I'd point to you as my guardians and parental figures before Remy and Siri. So, no, I don't care in the slightest, I just care that the both of you are happy."

Dimitriv hugged him in the next moment, he was aware that Harry was raised without the dogma, but there had been people in the Inn that he knew would care about a vampire/werewolf relationship, in such a way that he'd rather keep it quiet.

But to know that his adopted son and heir didn't care and would never care, outside of him being happy was a joy to hear. And opened up the possibility of it not being kept under wraps, at least not with their family.

Fenrir just smiled at his lover, and their almost-son hugging, he knew

that Harry didn't mind. Had known that he had almost caught them several times, and knew that something other than friendship was going on, but never said anything about it.

In a way, Harry reacted like the Dark Lord, the man also didn't care, as long as everyone in the relationship was happy, and it was something the both of them wanted. It also helped that the man had been raised outside of the magical community and only learned everything later in life, from him, Dimitriv and several other creatures they knew. He too scoffed at the dogma, and most of the tales regarded by the Light Side.

Love was love, and in a world that had seen so many troubles, who cared who you choose to love, and who loved you.

Chapter 24

Harry was smiling as he left Fenrir and Dimitriv to their devices, both the older men couldn't help but look after the young man that would one day inherit the Inn, he was already making such an impact on all of them, and all of the people that came to them each and every day.

Finding Tom, Harry was looking forward to knowing what the Dark Lord could teach him. After all, as Death had said, Tom would know even more about everything that no one had taught him before. He was aware that he already had quite the knowledge about the magical arts, but still.

Finding the Dark Lord in the library on the top level of the inn, the same part where all their bedrooms had been moved to when they started expanding the Inn. With how many people stayed here full time, they had to do something about the lack of space.

So, Tom and Harry, together with people Harry had summoned from the afterlife to help them with this, had made sure that the inn had been expanded on the inside. Of course, to be able to have their own space still as people who would be living here for the rest of their lives, it was a way to make sure that their tight knit group could be together, and had a place to retreat to when it became too busy in the Inn.

Waiting until the Dark Lord noticed him, Harry went over everything he already knew, or had been taught by the living or the dead. It was quite an extensive knowledge that he held, mostly to be sure to be able to help everyone that arrived at the inn (his strongest suits were his healing capabilities and the way he was quick to pick up new knowledge).

Which on its own was enough to approach the Dark Lord, as he did

want to make sure his battle magic and offensive magic was on par, he, and the rest of their group, were very aware of the fact that all of this would lead to a war at one point. The question was never if, but when, and by the way they were handling things - it was when Dumbledore got sick of all the hiding and just attacked.

Tom looked up as he saw Harry standing next to him, minding his own business but very obviously waiting for him for something.

“What can I do for you?”

Harry gave a slight smile, “Lord Death visited and told me that despite everything I already know, you’d be a vast knowledge of things that I don’t know already. If you’re willing to do so, at least.”

Tom closed the book that he was reading, “of course, I would love to share what I know. And if Lord Death lets you know to ask, it is bound to be for a reason.”

Harry nodded, “we all know that this will lead to another war, as soon as Dumbledore is sick of waiting he’ll attack and we both know that even if we aren’t the ones to start it, we will be the ones that will end it once and for all.”

Tom nodded, a sigh leaving him, “I finally understand what Fenrir and Severus were hinting at, when they told me that you were bringing me back, or helping to bring me back, you’re very perceptive about everything that happens around us.”

Harry gave a shy smile, “I always grew up with adults around me, so I grew up a lot faster than other children.”

Looking away, he added, “plus for the longest time, I was the only person capable of healing others that were brought in. Seeing those things, it ages you and gives you an outlook on life that most only get as adults.”

Tom nodded, “it wasn’t as bad as I feared it would be, luckily those with places of power within the ministry or Hogwarts were able to make sure nothing irreversible was pushed through. But I get that this doesn’t take away that things like this still happen, we’ve seen it happen more often now too, with how full the inn is getting.”

Harry just nodded, thinking that while Tom had been back for a year, neither of them had the time to get to know each other all that well. He was still very much looking up to the Dark Lord, but he was still the Dark Lord and thus someone far more knowledgeable and stronger than he was.

He might be a budding Necromancer, and if what Death told him, he would soon reach the end of the Deity’s knowledge, making it so that he knew everything the Primordial Being knew. One of the reasons, most likely, that he said to ask Tom for lessons, as between Severus, Eileen, Mrs. Bones, Pandora, Sirius and Remus, he was far ahead of any Hogwarts student, and even some master students would have trouble matching him. But that didn’t take away that he would need everything he could master before the War took off again.

Tom chuckled, “you are very different from what I expected you to be, and I know I have already said this before, but I do look forward to your limits, as I have been told those haven’t been found yet.”

Harry nodded again, he had gotten lessons from his deceased teachers, but those were finished by the time Sirius, Remus and Severus came into his life, making the three men take over his schooling. As the basics had been a fleeting memory; the things the three men taught him had been a challenge, until he found a rhythm there too.

In between his lessons with Lord Death, and his godfather admitting that he was slowly surpassing them in what they were teaching, he knew he needed to find someone new, someone who knew even more and would have knowledge thought lost to the magical community.

When he said that to the Dark Lord, the man nodded, “I see, you seek to learn for the essence of learning, as did I, once upon a time. I have to admit that the only things I still want to learn are those arts that are outside of my capabilities.”

His eyes strayed on the Necromancer mark on his brow, letting Harry know that while the Dark Lord dabbles in Necromancy, a normal magical would never be able to get as far in the craft as he would be able to, or as he was able to do already.

But he smiled at the younger man standing in front of him, only 12 years old, but already so far ahead of his peers that it wasn’t even funny, not that Harry had been able to compare himself with others, all the adults let him know that he was much more knowledgeable on both everyday life and magic, than most other would ever be.

“I would be honoured to teach you, Harry, you are indeed right in the statement that it isn’t a question as to of the War happens, but more of a When. We need to be prepared, and need to make sure that everyone is aware of what we’re trying to do. We ‘re making an effort to save Magic, and its community. We don’t want to kill everything non-magical, nor do we want to exterminate the Light inclined… but there are things that need to be changed, and soon at that.”

He gestured to the chair in front of him, inviting Harry to sit down in it, which he did a very interesting look. He was more than ready to listen to everything the Dark Lord wanted to share with him.

In Hogwarts, Luna was doubting herself on the reason she had wanted to come to the ancient castle. For one, She was hurting because of all the things going on inside her walls that she couldn't do anything about.

Second, she didn't have any friends, some of the Death Eater kids were nice to her, most likely having been told that she was someone on their side by their parents, but it felt too forced to be friends with them.

Almost all of the other people thought her to be too weird, and she was, if she had to be honest, but it wasn't as if she could help it that they had all forgotten what seer blood could do with a person. They were all so involved in being 'normal' beings, that they forgot that in some of them the creature blood would be more prominent and make them present very differently than most.

She shook her head as once again she was pushed aside by Ron Weasley, by far the worst bully in the school, but because he was a light inclined, Dumbledore worshipping, mostly-human wizard and a Gryffindor, no one ever said anything about it.

It was honestly quite sad to know that such a person was left to his own devices, without any kind of punishment coming their way. While others, most Slytherins, who didn't even do anything on purpose, but in their hurry might walk into a first year, would be treated with detention right off the bat.

She shook her head as she gathered her books when a hand appeared in her line of vision, "would you like some help, Luna, was it?"

Taking the hand, and keeping a hold of her belongings, Luna stopped short when her eyes fell onto another Gryffindor, Hermione Granger was known in the school as a loner, and one who did an effort to get along with everyone in the school (even if a majority of the Gryffindors didn't treat her right for the fact that she helped out her own house as much as she did to Slytherins).

She was friendly, but also one of the main victims of Ron Weasley's bullying, which was all swiped under the rug as the redhead harboring a crush on the bushy haired girl (and wasn't that the start of something extremely toxic). But didn't let that deter her from learning magic, when she as a muggleborn, had the idea that she needed to catch up, and was doing so admirably with the help of several purebloods. Especially once she showed that she was willing to adapt to their way of life - it was after all kind of like migrating to a different country and taking on some of the new country you lived in.

When she had found out how much of the original culture was hidden, or even erased, all for the comfort of muggleborns, she couldn't understand that a leading body would do that to its own population.

Luna smiled shyly, "yeah, Luna Lovegood. Your name is Hermione, right?"

The other witch nodded, "Hermione Granger, nice to meet you. I hope you're not hurt anywhere?"

Luna shook her head, "no, I'm fine, I just lost my balance because of his shove, but I didn't really fall down or anything. I was on the floor collecting all my belongings."

Hermione hummed, "good to hear that."

She sighed, “I still don’t get what his problem is.”

A different voice spoke up, “he’s a Light natured Gryffindor, who thinks that Dumbledore hung the moon and stars. As long as the Old Coot is here, he’ll be able to do whatever he wants, that’s just the way things grew to be with the defeat of the Dark.”

Looking up, both girls were shocked to see Draco Malfoy picking up the last of Luna’s belongings before giving them to the blond girl.

“Here you go, Heiress Lovegood.”

Luna nodded, “thank you, heir Malfoy.”

He nodded once more, repeating the mention in Hermione’s direction, “Ms. Granger, I heard on the grapevine that you’d like some more information on the sabbats? Myself and several other Slytherins are willing to offer some information that won’t get back to Dumbledore, if you’re still interested.”

Hermione tilted her head, “why are you willing to do this? As far as I know, you never really cared about all of this, Heir Malfoy.”

Draco nodded, “correct, but you have shown that despite being a Muggleborn, you hold an honest interest in our world, and I appreciate that, as do most of the purebloods. If by showing that we accept you, other muggleborns might take a leaf out of your book and start researching more, instead of just assuming as most do now.”

Chapter 25

Another year went by with the Inn only getting busier and busier, but luckily with the ever expanding runes Harry and Tom had put up, they never ran out of room. It started becoming clearer however that Dumbledore was starting to suspect something was going on.

After all, in the past year, the known packs, groups and kisses had started to disappear, either to the mainland (where he thankful had much less influence) or to the Inn, which was some place that he would never be able to find.

This however was only added by the fact that the retrials had started for almost all the people that had been in Azkaban, this time without keeping it a secret. The information they based themselves on about how these people were kept in the prison was published before the actual trial.

It gave the public a chance to get their own opinion on what was happening. Plus, it helped with getting people to stop seeing most of the Light side as the all knowing, after all if they were willing to go this far for people that had never done anything, what would they be willing to do to those that had a hand in crimes.

It wasn't said this clearly, but it was obvious in the way that people started to behave, and pull back their support from Dumbledore - even if it wasn't so obvious all the time - it was enough for the old coot to start acting out.

With the first Dark supporters being cleared of the reason they were in Azkaban in the first place, so too did the raids in the name of 'the Dark Lord Voldemort' start again, with Dumbledore trying to point to the very people he had been accused of locking up not to long ago. The fact that he started pointing in their direction the moment they

had gotten free was enough to make a lot of people doubt it.

Tom, and those at the Inn however, found this to be working to their own advantage, after all with Dumbledore doing all the work for them in making sure his name was dragged through the mud, they could prepare what was to come.

The signs were there, Dumbledore was making sure that the people had their doubts about the Dark too, and those too far up his arse wouldn't think twice before they knew that there was some truth to his words - or just didn't want to loose their own standing in the world (the same standing that Dumbledore had helped them to achieve).

All Tom was concerned about now, however, was to make sure that his followers were safe - especially those that had already been locked up once, he wanted to prevent them from having to go back so soon after getting their freedom. Even if the head of the auror's department knew what to watch out for, he just didn't want to give Dumbledore or his ilk the possibility to get to those that were close to him. Who knows what the man would do, or have someone else hurt them.

Which was why he was having this conversation with one of his favourite followers, and friends, who he didn't want to see locked up again. Or worse, find out she'd been killed for the magical nature she had.

"Bella, I know you want to go back home, but with what is happening right now, we just can't risk it. For one they are guarding your home, and that of others, and I don't want to lose you again so soon after getting you free again."

The witch pouted at that, already having said that she was feeling locked up with only being able to go everywhere in the Inn, and to the Malfoy Manor (that last one had never been breached, nor had Lucius ever been locked up), which was one of the only family households that was free of everything that had been happening. Mostly because of the position he too held within the Magical Community.

There were speculations about his role within the Dark Side, but as it had never been proven and he always had people willing to vouch for him, as to make sure he couldn't get locked up, Lucius was untouchable.

It was one of the few good things that had come out of his absence. As soon as word spread that he had been defeated and fallen, Lucius had used each and every one of his connections to establish himself both in the board of governors, as well as within the ministry. Which, apart from putting him in a position of power, also gave him friends in high enough places that one of those would be willing to stand up had Dumbledore tried to get to him.

Tom sighed as Bella left his office, or what dubbed as his office in the Inn, he could understand her frustrations more than anything. But he wasn't willing to risk losing his followers, nor his friends, not when the Light Side was building up to an all out war. They were doing such a nice job at making sure everything that was happening would be their own fault. They were vilifying themselves good enough, so that Tom didn't have to do a thing to make sure that most of the people of the community were willing to stay neutral, or even switch to the Dark Side.

Looking up as the door opened again, he almost suspected Bella to be back, maybe with Rodulphus in tow. Luckily, it was only Harry who it seemed was bringing him lunch.

Looking at the clock, he groaned as he had forgotten lunch once more, which was happening more and more lately.

“I noticed you didn’t come down for lunch, and when I saw Bellatrix come down 5 minutes ago, I made a guess and thought that she kept you busy - again.”

Tom nodded, so very happy for Harry to bring him food, his apprentice was picking up what he was throwing at him in such a short time that he was finally getting what Severus was saying when he first appeared here. The Potter heir had an instinctive handle on most magics, and only needed some guidance so he didn’t hurt himself or those around him while using them.

He could also understand how it was that a seasoned auror (even after 10 years in Azkaban), a Defence master, and a potions and defence master were running out of things to teach the teen not even a year into the start of them teaching him.

But at almost 13, it was so very obvious that they had run out of things to teach Harry, even more so, they had started using his necromancy to bring back people that might have something to teach him when Tom was too busy to give a lesson. Not that he still had a lot of knowledge to pass on, it was slowly evolving in them trying out one thing or another and analysing on what had happened and what might still need some improvement.

“Yes, she was quite insistent on leaving, once again, as she had gotten quite bored of the Inn and Malfoy Manor.”

Harry just rolled his eyes, as someone unknown he could leave the Inn, as long as he covered his Necromancer Mark, as to not give anything away. Even with his green eyes and black hair, he was unnoticeable enough (even if he used magic for that) that no one

looked twice as he passed.

But while most of the people in the Inn were glad they didn't have to go outside anymore, not after they had come to the Inn seeking sanctuary, that didn't mean that everyone was of the same mind. For instance, Bellatrix was the loudest voice in wanting to go back outside, seeing as she wasn't scared of the Light Side, or even of Dumbledore himself. No matter how many times they all tried to explain that no one was saying she was scared, but that they were making sure that they still had the forces necessary when this became an all out war.

"I don't think she'll ever truly understand that this doesn't make her weak in any sense."

Tom sighed, "I know, but that is what is making it heard. She is one of my loyalist followers, and even better friends, but I don't want to think about what should happen within the ranks, and within her family; should she be injured, or worse… killed."

Harry looked outside of the window, "let's hope then that we won't be needing to stay hidden much longer."

Tom tilted his head, "Lord Death told you something."

Harry nodded, "a turning point is upon us, they will start attacking without mercy and I fear that the losses from that will be too big to ignore. I don't know when, but it won't be long now."

Tom frowned, he didn't like this, but he knew better then to doubt the words of Lord Death, or his future Master, if Harry warned him that something was about to happen, they could just hope that nothing would be irreversible, or expose them to the Muggles without them

being prepared to deal with the fall-out.

He shook his head, “do you have any time frame?”

Harry shook his head, “I don’t, nor does Lord Death, but Luna wrote to me. Telling me about the unlikely friendship she has with Draco Malfoy, a pureblood and Hermione Granger, a Muggleborn that is very open to learning all there is to learn about culture that we had to hide because of the Light Side. Luna even admits that Ms. Granger is very attuned to her magic, and despite being a Muggleborn, she’s above average in power level.

She, however, could tell me that it will all start before I hit 17. So that gives us almost 4 years to prepare for whatever is coming.”

With Luna being able to give them a much better time frame, the preparations started that very same day. They warned everyone they could, and even managed to make sure that the neutral party was warned through Greengrass and Zabini, who despite being loyal to the Dark Lord, had made it clear that they didn’t want to give up their Neutral stance. Something Tom didn’t mind at all, if push came to shove, he knew for sure that even the Neutrals would fight, and how things were looking now, they would do so on his side.

He just hoped that whatever happened in a few years wouldn’t bring about a change that even he couldn’t stop, he wanted to make sure that their world wasn’t lost, but he feared that it was inevitable.

They had years to plan, and to prepare, they would make the most of it. They had to make the most of it, and he had to sit together with his loyal and see to putting together a plan B, plan C and plan D - just to

be safe.

Luna was smiling as she, Draco and Hermione were talking about the up and coming school year. The three of them had agreed to meet up in Diagon Alley before what would be the last school year for Draco and Hermione.

The Muggleborn had grown, and was able to see that which was banned by the Light was only banned because they didn't have the patience to explain it to new blood that entered their world, and had taken the easy way out. When she had gone to Gringotts to get a heritage test, it was shown that her great-grandmother on mother's side, and her great-grandfather on father's side had both been magical - or at least of magical descent. It had taken her parents meeting and having a child, before that magical potential was unleashed in her.

She couldn't express her gratitude at the two pure bloods, and their friends, who had taken her under her wing to make sure that she knew just what she was missing, and how it came to be that she was magical.

Laughing at something Draco said, Luna grinning next to her, she didn't expect the explosion that went on next to her, nor the body falling on her, showing that Draco had protected both her and Luna from the worst of it. However, it rendered him wounded and unconscious.

Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Trigger Warning for Rape/non-con elements

Luna whimpered at the ringing sound in her ears, her eyes still on Draco where he was unconscious. Her eyes strayed to Hermione, who was looking ahead with fear in her eyes. Something Luan could understand, several people were running away from where they had been standing, their eyes also on the advancing group, one of them still a wand directed on them.

Looking around, he was glad to see that they were close to Knockturn Alley, a small mercy when they had to get Draco up and away from here before one of those people could let out another curse. If it hit one of them wrong, it could mean the end.

Biting her lip, she berated herself for not seeing this coming, and for not telling Draco and Hermione that he had been having a weird feeling all day. Now she really wished she had done so, and looking at Draco laying there, she hoped he was alright.

“Hermione, help me carry him.”

The Muggleborn whimpered, “To where?”

Luna looked at her friend, “Knockturn Alley, there are friends there that will help us and help him. He’s hit his head, Hermione, if we don’t do anything that’ll be the end of it. And I for one refuse to let Draco die out here.”

Hermione nodded, helping Luna pull up Draco as they stood with the

man in between them, his weight almost too much for them to handle, but they would percefere, if only to get them all out of the fire zone. It would seem that they weren't a real target, but even so, no reason to stay here even longer.

Luna started making her way into Knockturn, looking back to see the group still advancing, but still far enough away that they would make it. That was, until something wrapped around her ankle and pulled her down.

A yelp leaving her as she fell, only just catching herself, but leaving Hermione to carry Draco alone, which wasn't something she managed, making the brunette fall down as well - even if she made sure to cushion Draco's fall so he wouldn't hit his head again.

Luna tried to get the thing off of her ankle, but didn't manage before someone was looming above her, one of the men of the advancing group was standing there, his wand still out and although she couldn't see his face, nothing about him screamed that him tripping her had been accidental. If anything it was deliberate, the way he glanced over her making fear known in her chest.

Even with his appearance, she knew this wasn't a real Death Eater, for one, they would never attack a Malfoy. And second, none of them did that, it was only Dumbledore's way of trying to persuade the populace that it was the Dark Side that was to be scrutinized instead of him and his.

But as that hadn't been helping, the attacks on settlements, and now even Diagon Alley were growing bolder and bolder, the Old Coot and his cronies getting more and more desperate as time went on. This it seemed was again an attempt to gather attention to how vile and cruel the Dark Side was, as she did hear some people scream and hoped no one got too hurt.

The way the man in front of her was looking at her and Hermione on the other hand, wasn't promising much good. Especially not as two young witches, she had heard the stories of what was done to young witches, just to get them to fear the Dark.

But she knew better, she just had to hold on until help got here, knowing without a doubt that it was on its way.

The vice around her ankle loosened and she crawled back towards Draco and Hermione, keeping herself in between the two of them and the still advancing men.

All who were stopped when a line of fire sprang to life in front of her, cutting them off from the people trying to hurt them. Relief like she hadn't felt before rushed over her, especially when she saw just who the fire had conjured.

At his nod, and the nod of the man beside him, she scrambled up, approaching Hermione and helping her bring Draco to the two men, where someone took him over from them.

"Luna, are you alright."

Nodding, she hid her head in the green clad chest of her best friends, "I am, just Draco is hurt."

He nodded, "I know."

"Tom, can you handle this?"

The Dark Lord, even if Hermione didn't know that, grinned, "I've been waiting for this, I'll take care of these people and make sure that anyone that needs the help and is… open to us, will find their way to the Inn, the others can be send to Saint Mungo's. Go, get him healed, and make sure to send Bella to Cissa and Lucius."

Harry nodded as he adjusted his grip on Draco, "Can you ladies still walk?"

Luna nodded again, and while Hermione was a lot slower, she also nodded. Harry grinned before leading the way to Inn, his eyes on Draco the whole time, cataloging the injuries he could see, and making sure to stabilize the head, as to not make any back or neck injury worse.

The doors of the Inn opened before their heir, and all conversation stopped when they realised who was standing there and who he was holding.

Severus rushed to help, clearing a table and setting Draco down after softening the surface. He kept a hold of the blond's hand as he nodded to Bella to let her know she could tell her sister and brother-in-law about what happened, that he would stay with their mutual nephew.

Harry meanwhile was running several charms over the blond in front of him, beyond happy, that while he did have a concussion, that was the worst of it. He had passed out from the debris that had been flying around from the blast. The same blast that had sent him and Tom running out of the Inn into Diagon Alley - just in time to erect a wall of flames between Luna and her friends, and the obviously malicious people gaining on them.

Luna in the meantime was trying to calm down both herself and Hermione, which was not an easy feat, especially not when she could

see the brunette looking around and cataloging everything she was seeing. Now the talks they all had, both with each other and others, had obviously prepared the Muggleborn for the difference in people on the Light and Dark side, as she didn't once seem on the verge of freaking out.

If anything, she was more concerned about Draco as if he was going to make it through.

Luna smiled, "He'll be fine, or we would have heard about it already, they're just making sure that he's healing properly. The woman we just saw leave, the one with the wild blakc curls, that's his aunt, so I think we should expect his parent here any moment."

Hermione sighed in relief, before turning to Luna, "where are we?"

A male voice answered for her, "you're in what is known as the Inn, while also an Inn not unlike the Leaky Cauldron, it's also a safe haven and a strong hold where the Dark Side had been gathering in order to resist and counter attack the despicable act of violence you had happen today."

Looking up, Hermione found herself looking in a pair of amber colored eyes, light brown hair and a face that while scared, was still very nice. Next to him was a dark haired man, with loose curls - not unlike the woman they saw leave not too long ago, and oddly enough muggle clothing.

Luna however, seemed to know these men, as she hugged both of them close.

"Sirius, Remus, may I present Ms. Hermione Granger, a first generation witch."

Turning to Hermione, she mentioned to the two men, “Hermione, Lord Sirius Black and his husband, Remus Lupin-Black, they’re the godparents of the man that saved up and is now healing Draco, Lord Hadrian Potter-Peverell.”

A soft laugh is heard behind them again, making Hermione turn to look at the man that had indeed saved them, his longish hair was pulled back in a ponytail at the base of his skull, he was wearing loose fitting green robes with several badges on them, one of them she recognized as a healer’s badge. He also had the greenest eyes she had ever seen, as well as a birthmark above his left eye that seemed to be formed in a triangle, with a circle in it, and a line bisecting both of them.

“Harry, meet Ms. Hermione Granger, she’s my best friend at Hogwarts, Draco, you’ve already seen, I’ll introduce the two of you properly once he is awake.”

Harry nodded, “it’s a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Granger, although I hoped to meet in better circumstances. Are you alright?”

Hermione nodded, “I am fine, a bit shocked about what happened. But glad that we’re safe here.”

Harry smiled, “would you permit me to cast a diagnostic charm on you, just to be sure there is nothing wrong now or soon after.”

Hermione nodded, and when he looked at Luna, she too nodded her head, prompting Harry to cast the charm on the both of them, smiling as he healed a few bruises the both of them had.

“You’re indeed both alright, except for a few bumps and bruises. I took care of those for the both of you.”

Luna beamed at him as she hugged him, glad to know that Harry was alright and there when they needed him. He even made sure nothing worse happened, and Draco was alright.

Just as she mentioned the blond, the fireplace in the room lit up with green flames, revealing a blond couple that she recognized as Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy, Draco’s parents. Who was followed by Bellatrix Lestragne. They all approached Severus Snape, who told them that everything was alright with Draco, thanks to Harry of course. The blonds both approached Harry to thank him for taking care of Draco. Something he just waved off, he liked helping people and had been doing so for a long time.

A groan had them all turning to the blond still laying on the table, his parents rushing to his side to let him know they were there and that everything was alright.

The door to the Inn opened again, letting the man who had been with Harry enter, he nodded at the Malfoys, both who bowed their head to him. Before he came to stand next to Harry looking at Luna and Hermione.

“Heiress Lovegood, are you alright.”

Luna, to Hermione’s astonishment, dropped into a curtsy, “I am alright, My Lord, and anything which was wrong had been fixed up by Harry.”

The man’s red eyes stayed on Harry for a moment, “yes, he is remarkably skilled at healing isn’t he, for all that his inheritance

would suggest otherwise."

Turning to Hermione, he looked at Luna, the girl smiled, "My Lord, Ms. Hermione Granger, she's a first generation witch. Hermione, meet Lord Tom Riddle-Slytherin."

Hermione frowned, but copied Luna in a somewhat sloppy curtsy, before asking her friend, "I didn't think curtsies were part of a traditional greeting anymore."

Tom was the one who answered, "that is true, but most people keep to the Olde Ways when in the presence of a Lord of Magic."

Hermione's breath stopped for a moment when the implications of what he said registered, she was in the Inn, which was notorious for being a safe haven for the Dark Inclined, Luna and Draco had told her this. If these people kept to the Olde Ways in the presence of this man, that would mean he was the Dark Lord. She had just met the Dark Lord.

Chapter 27

For all that they could see that Hermione was shocked about meeting the Dark Lord, as well as everything else that was going on before she met him, and after. She was remarkably composed except for the initial widening of her eyes.

But as no one even looked at her twice, despite the fact that she had been introduced as a first generation witch, the only person that had looked her way twice was Draco's mother. Who after making sure the blond was alright, if still a bit out of it, did come over.

"From what I am told I have the two of you to thank for my son's minor injuries. For that I am grateful."

Hermione bit her lip, "Lady Malfoy, he jumped in front of us when the blast went off, if not we would have been hit far worse than he was now. I don't know what went through his head doing that."

As she looked at the blond still laying down, talking to his father and godfather, Narcissa - Lady Malfoy, smiled softly, "I'm afraid that is kind of my fault, ladies. You see, I have a rather weak constitution and after a blast from a stray curse made me lose Draco's little sister, he's been incredibly protective of all women in his life. If anything, the fact that he did this, means that the two of you are very dear to him."

Luna, already aware of this, just beamed as the Malfoy heir looked at her, before turning back to Narcissa to express her condolences at the loss of her child.

Lady Malfoy got a sad look on her face, before she smiled softly at the two women in front of her, "it happened, and while it still saddens me

at times, I am beyond grateful for the son I do have. Plus, I know that whoever becomes the Lady Malfoy after me, will have a husband that will dote on her every step of the way. For a moment I had feared that I would have a son-in-law, but now I am not so sure anymore."

Hermione blinked a few times, before addressing Narcissa, "Lady Malfoy, if I may. I would also like to express my condolences for your loss. My mother had something of the same nature happening when she was pregnant with my brother which also caused her to lose him. Secondly, I would like to express my gratitude at the amazing son you have raised.

He has been nothing but kind to me for as long as I have known him. Even though I am a muggleborn, he's been very thorough with his explanations about the Olde Ways and the culture which makes up the Magical Community. It was also very refreshing to be able to interact with every house instead of just my own during the functions most purebloods hold while in Hogwarts. Your son was the perfect gentleman to all of them, in part, I am sure ,because of the amazing parents he has."

Narcissa beamed at her, even though Hermione couldn't really see why she would do that, she had after all only told the truth. She was of the opinion that a parent, and especially a mother would want to know if their child was a gentleman or really great at what he had done for her.

To the side Luna couldn't help but giggle, even if Hermione hadn't heard it, Narcissa certainly did. The two blonds just smiled at each other as Hermione approached Draco to ask how he was feeling.

"She really has no idea, does she?"

Luna shook her head, "None whatsoever, but I have noticed she is

rather obvious to such things at times. But it will come in time, I for one think they are quite the perfect match. Not only that, but it would bring new blood to the Malfoy line, as never has been introduced before."

Narcissa hummed, "Do tell?"

Luna beamed at her, "Hermione is the great-great-granddaughter of the last Blackthorn, meaning that she has sidhe blood in her, dark fae if I am not mistaken. As far as I know that is something that has not been introduced to the Malfoy line, since their own dark fae heritage in 608."

Narcissa gasped, before she began smiling, "Well if I needed anything more to convince Lucius, I think I have it now. He has hoped to have someone else with the same racial background to be wed to Draco. You must excuse me for a moment."

Luna looked on as Narcissa took Lucius aside, and had to grin as she saw the blond man's face change at the information she shared with him. The fact that his eyes went straight to Hermione as he nodded along with anything his wife said also made it clear that the Malfoy Lord didn't have any problem with the coming courtship and hopefully marriage.

Feeling a hand on her shoulder, she looked up to see Harry standing there, "And just what are you doing?"

Luna grinned up at him, "Matchmaking."

Harry hummed at that, his eyes straying to Draco and Hermione where they were standing together, "I see. First generation witch with fae blood I take it?"

Luna nodded, “Dark Fae even, so the same background as the Malfoys have. Hermione is a descendant of the Blackthorn family, I do look forward to her getting a heritage test done in Gringotts.”

She sighed sadly, “That’s why we were in Diagon Alley in the first place. She had asked us to come along just to be sure. And to help her with anything finance related when it came out she did have a vault to her name. But with everything that happened, we never got to go - and I don’t know if Diagon is safe to go in already.”

Harry sighed, “I don’t think it’s a good idea that you go back into Diagon Alley already, I don’t know the situation right now, but from Tom’s face as he came back I don’t think it’s really good. Plus, you have to keep in mind that someone might have seen you go into Knockturn. If the wrong people saw that, I don’t know what might happen with the way these attacks are progressively getting worse.”

Luna nodded, still a bit sad, “I should let my dad know that I am at least alright, and here with you.”

Harry nodded, mentioning to the fireplace at the back of the room from where she could floocall her dad to let him know. He really hoped no one of importance saw Luna, or Hermione, entering Knockturn Alley, as it wouldn’t be a good thing right now.

Tom came to stand next to Harry, “How is Luna?”

“Alright, sad that Ms. Granger wasn’t able to do her heritage test. Apparently she’s a Blackthorn.”

Tom hummed, “You don’t say, from the looks of it, she and Heir

Malfoy will be entering into a courtship soon?"

Harry nodded, "As soon as she figured that out, then yes. But from what I have seen they would be a good match."

Tom also nodded, "Not only that, but I don't think I've seen Lucius ever so shocked. He wants to thank you by the way, for what you did for his son."

Harry waved his hand, "It's what I do, did you tell him that too. That this is what I do on the daily, I would have done so for everyone else too."

Tom snorted, "Do learn to take a compliment, Harry, that's why I shared it. Lucius knows, as does the whole Inn, about everything you do for us every day. But that doesn't take away the fact that he feels the need to thank you for taking away his son in a dangerous situation, and healing him from his wounds."

Harry pouted at that, before he changed the subject, leading to Tom rolling his eyes, "Talking about a dangerous situation, how was the situation in Diagon after I left?"

Tom scoffed, "How do you think it went? I held off those wannabees, until Dumbledore arrived and they all apparated away. That was except the one I managed to keep bound and away from the Old Coot. Once he went away, I approached an auror to hand over the man - I am very interested to see what will happen now, as from the haircolour I could see on the man, he was most definitely a Weasley."

"Indeed, a Weasley dresses as Dumbledore's version of a Death Eater, but without the Dark Mark, I swear that man is making it too easy to ruin him. He does all the work for us, especially since a lot of people

saw this Weasley harassing Luna and Ms. Granger. This is going to be so entertaining."

Tom nodded, "I almost look forward to it. Now, come, I think it's high time you got introduced to Draco and Narcissa. I do believe we can stop hiding so much now, once the news breaks of just what Dumbledore has been doing all these years."

Harry smiled and let himself be led to the Malfoy family, kissing Narcissa on the knuckles and shaking hands with Draco once he was formally introduced. Both of the Malfoys were quite shocked at knowing just who he was and what he had done both for the community and for their family.

On the other side of the Inn, three close friends were sitting together, looking on as their godson/nephew seemed to grow up right before their very eyes.

"I trust that both of you have seen it too?"

Peter nodded, "The very obvious bond between Harry and Tom? I don't think anyone is able to look past that. It is very out there."

Remus snorted, "To everyone but the pair in question."

"It won't take much longer before they're both made aware of what they share, though."

All three men startled at the light voice that sounded next to them, smiling softly at the blond woman standing there.

“Luna, you don’t say? I sure hope so, they are rather evenly matched and would make quite the pair.”

Luna just nodded, “They’ll know before Draco and Hermione figure their thing out, so it really won’t be long.”

Remus smiled at that, “what did you father say?”

“That I should stay where I am, he’ll come and pick me up tomorrow, when everything settles down. He also offered to take Hermione back to her parents house, if she would want it. I was just on my way to let her know.”

As the blond walked away, all three of them couldn’t help but smile at the information they had shared, happy that their nephew and the Dark Lord would at least have each other in the events that were to come.

In a holding cell in the ministry, Madam Bones had been called for a very strange arrest that had been made. A man who had been verified to be protecting civilians from attacking forces had given them a bound man that had been part of the attack.

A priori Incantatem on his wand indicated that he had been the one who had sent most of the blasting curses which had wounded several people and had done damage to the Alley itself.

The odd thing was however, that the man didn't bear the Dark Mark (or what they viewed as the Dark Mark) and when they took off his mask, the face of Ronald Weasley greeted them. Knowing that either this was a set-up, or something was very wrong here, they had called on her.

She had taken one look at the young man and ordered the use of veritaserum in the questioning. She has been convinced that she had unraveled part of a conspiracy, and if she was right and this came to light, she wanted to be there to be able to tell the Old Coot that his plans were exposed. She was quite looking forward to this interrogation, as well as the trial that would follow.

Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

Trigger Warning for mention of rape/non-con elements

With the Alley back to its quiet self, most of the guests in the Inn went back to doing whatever it was they were doing before the first blast rocked the very foundations of the building they were in.

While the Inn had been built by magic, and had been fortified numerous times by not only the innkeepers, but also by the Dark Lord himself. They were all very aware of just how safe they were in here. But that didn't take away that the Dark Lord, and their new Innkeeper were on their feet and running for Diagon Alley the moment the blast was felt.

After everything those two men had done for them, they had not thought about it twice before preparing everything that might be needed. Even more so when Harry appeared again carrying what had to be a Malfoy, followed by Luna and an unknown young woman.

When Harry concentrated on the Malfoy, but left the two women be. They made sure to give them both a drink and sat them down, looking on as Luna told the unknown girl about where they were. From the large eyes the other woman sported, she was a bit overwhelmed about all of this, but did not stare.

When the Dark Lord entered again and checked on Harry first, most of the people who had been living in the Inn had to secretly smile at the totally obvious way those two were acting around one another. They had after all been there for the growth of the relationship to what it was already.

Just as they had a bet going on about when they would realise just

what they all could see blossoming between the two of them. The fact that neither seemed to realise that, only endeared them to all the patrons. Even if all of them would love to see the Dark Lord and the Innkeeper - as well as the first natural Necromancer in recent years - happily together.

All they had to do was wait, and see where this would lead to. As well as keep an eye out for when the war would be made public. Something which wouldn't last long, not after the stunt Dumbledore pulled today. Especially not since one of his lackeys was caught, the Old Coot's days were numbered.

Narcissa had been quick to hug Harry and thank him for what he had done for her son, even if Harry assured her that helping others, and healing - despite his inheritance - was what he did best, and loved to do.

The fact that Draco was who he was mattered little, but he too was happy that there would be no lasting damage - in part because of him and Tom handling so fast as soon as they felt the Earth shake.

After that, both Narcissa and Draco were elated to meet Harry, and to know just why their father and husband had kept it a secret that he knew the Dark Lord was back, and just where he had been hiding all these years.

Now they knew, and understood, just what kind of secret Lucius had been keeping. Not only from them, but also from a large part of their circle of friends and family. All for the greater good of the world.To be sure that Albus Dumbledore never found out just what it was that was being nurtured at the Inn, and what was hidden at the Inn.

Both of them were quick to forgive Lucius now that they knew just what had been going on. Although they would have wanted to know all of this sooner, the reason it was kept a closely guarded secret was also more than obvious - but a good reason nonetheless.

Taking their leave from the Malfoys, Harry made sure to lead Luna to her room, and did the same courtesy to Hermione. He might not know the girl all that well, but she obviously cared for Luna - which was more than enough in his book.

The fact that he knew the young woman was a first generation witch, but didn't act like it, also scored her a lot of points. She didn't gape even once (although he had been seeing amazement at the fact that she had just spoken to the Dark Lord).

It was also very comforting to see Luna with friends, outside of himself, who cared for her and wanted her to have the very best. She deserved that, even if the Light could see that, a seer of Luna's capability was a gem to be cared for. To watch over, and protect as far as they couldn't protect themselves.

But never locked away, left alone for the most part to grow and evolve. To give them wisdom they couldn't find anywhere else (except maybe with Harry this time around, but he had an inheritance that hadn't been seen in so long). The fact that the Light side had forgotten how a juvenile Seer presented, only worked to their advantage - as Luna was 100% dark minded, and while she didn't want to be an active part of the war effort, she was more than happy to help them from behind the scenes.

As he dropped first Hermione and then Luna at the chambers they would be using for the night, he hugged Luna close, smirking as she whispered to him.

“Don’t keep it a secret much longer, most of them suspect something is there, but would never realise that you are both well aware of what was growing between the two of you and acted on it.

You both deserve one another completely, but please don’t let them all go mad in tense excitement?”

Harry grinned, “Tom and I were going to talk about what to say and when. But I think with everything that is happening right now and what will be happening soon after. Especially if Madame Bones is involved as the rumors say, it might be best to just come clean.”

Luna just smiled at him, pressed a kiss to his cheek and entered the room she used every time she stayed over at the Inn. The fact that her best friend was the new Innkeeper, especially now that Dimitriv finally took some time off to spend with his husband, meant she always had a room ready for her in the family wing.

She did however look forward to the reactions of everyone at realising that they had been played, and that Tom and Harry had been an official couple ever since the Necromancer’s 16th birthday.

In fact, she was sure that except Lord Death, she was the only one privy to that piece of information. But then again, Harry knew he couldn’t keep anything a secret from her, and had come clean as soon as he saw her after.

She was happy for him and Tom, even more so as she had seen the both of them grow for years, both as their own people, as friends, and recently as lovers. The fact that even now, more people were starting to notice, and approve of them together, she knew that between the two of them no one needed to worry about what would happen in the

future.

Amelia Bones had no idea what she needed to do now, she had ordered the administration of veritaserum, which had led them all to an eye opening revelation about just what had been going on all these years.

As well as who the real mastermind behind all the raids, murders and downright decline of their world had been - even if she had suspected it all along - she never would have guessed that Dumbledore was so high on fame that he would do anything to sustain it.

Having heard from Ronald Weasley that the recent raids, pillages and other crimes, were never committed by those called Death Eaters (but those were the people that mostly found out about everything they were doing - which led to them being in Azkaban after the first war).

What disturbed her even more, however, was the way the redhead had been talking about the women he had attacked, and who had been defended by first Draco Malfoy, and later the mysterious person who gave the bond Weasley to one of her Aurors. Under the veritaserum, he spewed everything he thought about Heiress Lovegood and Ms. Granger, and how he expected both women to like him. Even if he had never done or said a nice thing, nor made an actual effort to get to know them.

On the topic of women, Amelia was shocked to hear the misogynistic remarks the redhead made against just about all women he knew, even those in his family. Ideas, she feared, had been fed by Dumbledore in an effort to get simple minded and weak fools to do everything and anything he asked of them.

She worried for the Weasley family's reputation, which had been less than stellar, once this came out. Even if Weasley confessed to his family not knowing about any of this, she wasn't so sure that Lord Malfoy, Lord Lovegood and Ms. Granger parents would leave it at this. Especially the lords mentioned, as it had been their children that had almost been killed or sullied in a most despicable way.

She turned briskly, "Someone get me Lord Malfoy in my office, as well as Mr. Weasley. I want to make sure that whatever happens now will not escalate in an all out war - even if I fear it might be too late for that."

Turning to her most trusted, all of whom had sworn under oath that they were loyal to her and Mother Magic, "Make sure one of you is keeping watch at all times. I don't want to know what will happen once word about this gets out. But be prepared for the worse."

They nodded, as one turning to either go back to the barracks, or to guard the cell Ronald Weasley was in. Whatever would follow now, they had to be prepared. They had to make sure that they had their witness now that they had enough evidence to take this to court, to take Albus Dumbledore to court, and to give the Magical Community the peace they deserved.

Amelia sighed as she opened the doors to her office, finding the two men she requested waiting for her, even if they were rather cold to each other (the animosity between Malfoy and Weasley were legendary and not easily forgotten).

"Gentlemen, thank you for coming so swiftly, please take a seat."

While Amelia Bones was telling both of the men in her office about what had happened, as well as what she had found out and would use in court. One of the men just hid his head in his hands at the notion that his son had been a terrorist in the name of Albus Dumbledore, just so the man in question could keep riding on fame he didn't want to let go.

The other, while his heir had been hurt, couldn't help but feel compassion with the other father in the room. While he didn't like Arthur Weasley, and probably never would, the fact that his own son had broken the family values like that was a horrible act.

"You could cast him out."

Arthur looked at him, "What do you mean?"

"He went against the moral code of the Weasley clan, did he not. And I am certain he also broke those of the Prewitt's, your wife's family. By all means he should be cast out, left to live as Ronald No Name, a traitor to Magic, and even his own kin. Maybe that way he can feel the consequences of his actions."

Seeing both Arthur and Amelia look at him, he sighed, "I do not say this is jest, or to harm the Weasley clan in any way. But this had gone too far, he admitted to wanting to rape two girls for the fact that they didn't look at him twice ever since they blossomed in puperty. That they choose my son over him, all the while he has been nothing but hurtful and mean to them, but because he is a Light Wizard, he should get what is coming to him.

Dumbledore is corrupting a whole generation, just to make sure he has lap dogs who will keep doing his bidding and taking the fall for

that, just so he can hold on to his fame that little longer. Let's set this as an example of what happens to those traitors."

Arthur had tears in his eyes as he asked Amelia to use her fireplace to call his wife. When Molly Weasley did step through and she was told about what had happened, she had needed a moment, but agreed with Lucius (much to his surprise). Especially when she told her husband of the downright awful way Ron had been treating herself and his sister, Ginny.

Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

> Sorry this is getting out so late, but I got I'll on my way from work yesterday. So slept until morning today.
> Have two chapters though!

Lucius startled when a patronus found him asking him to come to the ministry as soon as possible. Looking around the Inn, he saw several people nodding - among them his wife, Severus and Tom - making him nod back and taking the fireplace in the back to floo out (it was spelled so it couldn't be tracked back to the inn).

Once in the ministry, he was shocked to hear of the reason why he had been asked to come here. Especially when it hadn't been that long ago that he almost lost his son (not that he doubts Tom or Harry, but in the event neither of them had noticed something was wrong, who knew what could have happened).

The fact that both Arthur, and Molly - even if it took Arthur a little convincing, agreed with him about casting out Ronald was something that eased his heart a little. He had to agree that while the Malfoy and Weasley families had been at odds for a long time, a lot of that was enabled by Albus Dumbledore.

The fact that neither Wealsey parents were a fan of the old man surprised him, but then again, for someone always preaching about second chances and equal opportunity, he could see where he fell out of favor with the couple.

They had been fervent supporters of the man when they had all still been in school. However, while the Weasleys never had the standing the Malfoys had, it only fell further down with their support and subsequent feud with the Malfoys.

For all that happened, the Old Coot never once offered his support, nor was he seen at the Weasleys a lot. Only when he needed something from the couple, or one of their children. All the while Arthur worked double shifts, and Molly ran the household - selling home made treats, honey and knitted clothing, to make sure all seven of their children could be sent to Hogwarts.

Lucius sighed, “wouldn’t be a good idea to contact your other children about what is going to happen? They will feel the backlash of you both casting out Ronald out of both family lines.”

Turning to Amelia, he added, “If Madam Bones doesn’t mind that is.”

The brown haired witch shook her head, before turning to the Wealsey parents; “I do not mind at all. In fact, I agree with Lucius on this, they should be told before any of this gets out.”

She sighed, “As much as I hope to keep this quiet until a hearing can be scheduled, I know better than to think that. If he is cast out by the time the hearing rolls around, there can be no blame shoved at the both of you, or your other children.”

She sighs again, “It pains me to say this, but it won’t stay with this. Either Dumbledore will get going even harder than before, putting us all at risk. Or he’ll start a war with the Dark Side. That is, if he doesn’t kill people like Ronald, who gave him away.”

Molly started crying at that, for as much as she wanted to cast him out for everything that he had done. He was still her son, the knowledge that soon he wouldn’t be alive anymore hurt her nonetheless.

Lucius nodded at that, “If what he did the last few years are any indication, he won’t stop until his utopia is achieved. No matter who

has to fall for that to happen."

Amelia nodded, knowing all too well how covert they had to act to get all those unlawfully put into Azkaban out of there and gave them all a retrial. The work that went into keeping Dumbledore off their trial was harder than finding the needed proof that these people had been in the wrong place, at the wrong time.

"Call your children, Molly, Arthur, I do believe I can get you 24 hours before this all gets out."

The couple nodded, before they thanked Lucius for his help (stunning him), before asking how his son was doing, and to give both Draco and Narcissa their regards. After all, it was their son who had hurt the Malfoy heir, if something worse than a concussion had happened, there wouldn't even be a Weasley family any more.

Arriving back at the Inn, Lucius conveyed the greeting to his son and wife, before telling those of the inner circle (both Tom's and Harry's) about why he was called to the Ministry. The fact that it was indeed Ronald Wealsey that had been apprehended and who had spilled everything they needed to start a trial on Dumbledore and his ilk was more than they could have dreamed about.

However, now that the old coot had been cornered no one knew just what he would be doing to get what he wanted - which was total control - when the people had already started doubting him since the retrial. But now, with actual proof that everything he had been preaching about trying to discredit the Dark Side, had been his followers all along. It would get painful, and could go really bad, really fast.

“How should we proceed?”

Oddly, it wasn’t Tom that answered, but Harry, “We prepare. The Old Coot isn’t going to let this go without a fight. Not when he has been unmasked, he has no reason to stay true to the image he portrayed himself as. Warn everyone on our side, as well as the neutral parties. And try to get word out to the Light, just to be on the safe side. I don’t doubt that this will evolve into an all out war.”

Tom nodded along with what the younger wizard was saying, both he and Harry had been talking about this for a very long time. Ever since they met, once that Old Coot was unmasked, he would just stop caring.

“Lucius, can you get me a list of all the people that have disappeared or were expelled during Dumbledore’s time as a teacher and headmaster? I think it is high time we let those people, or their families, know just why this has happened.”

As the Malfoy Lord nodded, already going over who he could contact to get to that kind of information, before turning to his wife and son again. Telling them of what had happened between him and the Weasley couple. Adding in that they were going to cast Ronald out for the crimes he did against magic, and against his own kin - after all, breaking both the moral code of the families one descended from was an idiot move. But one the boy most likely never accounted for happening.

Luna, who had reappeared from the room Harry had led her to, suddenly gasped.

“We need to go get them, and soon!”

Harry, and Tom, who had followed the younger man back to the Malfoys, looked at the blond girl as she got her bearings back.

"Someone is going to spill to Dumbledore, which will make the man go into rage. He'll go to the Burrow and kill them, once it is discovered that they are not loyal to the Light anymore. Or at least, not his Light. If we get there before him, we can get them all out, instead of looking on as Dumbledore kills one of the oldest Light families in the UK."

Supporting Luna, Narcissa sets the girl down on a seat next to her. While she wasn't overly fond of the Weasleys, she does agree that no one deserves to go out like that. Killing off an entire family just because they didn't support you anymore was sickening - but then again, it was just as they had known all along. Having seen through the mast Dumbledore wore ages ago.

Tom and Harry exchanged looks, before they turned to Luna, "How long do we have?"

The blond bit her lip, "A couple of hours. I know the Weasleys are Light, but Ginny has always been nice to me and Hermione. And while she is indifferent to Draco, she never acted out on anything. The twins on the other hand have been nice to all three of us. I cannot speak for the other 3 sons, but none of them deserve to be brutally murdered like that."

Tom turned around, "Severus, Remus, Sirius, if you are willing?"

All three men nodded, standing and transfiguring their clothes in something easy to move in. This would be a mission where time was of the essence.

“Lucius, if you’re willing? I’d like you to join us too. Harry and I will lead the assault if Dumbledore shows up. But we’ll need enough people to get the Weasleys out of there and to the Inn. They indeed don't deserve any of this. Just as much as they will be able to enjoy the sanctuary the Inn grants, even if they aren’t Dark natured.”

Lucius nodded, taking his cue from Severus, Remus and Sirius, pressing a kiss to Narcissa’s lips, before pressing one to the crown of Draco’s head. The war was about to break loose.

Molly and Arthur were glad on one hand that all of their children were available when they called and asked all of them to male sure to get to the Burrow. Ginny, who was at home, was downstairs in a second.

While Fred and George, who had their store in Diagon Alley, had appeared as they called Bill, the last and the one farthest away. The twins, having been in Diagon Alley, knew what had happened. Even if neither would have suspected this to have happened, they had assumed something had happened to either Ginny or Ron, who were set to go to the alley today.

“Mom, what happened?”

At that, Molly just started crying, sitting down in a chair in the kitchen, just covering her eyes and crying as the twins asked what had happened. The impact of the situation setting in for both of their children - which of course freaked all of them out. None of them knew what was going on.

This was the scene Percy, Charlie and Bill (who came through with his wife Fleur) arrived too. All four of them worried that something had happened, especially when Ron wasn't anywhere to be found.

Before any of them could ask about it however, there was a knock on the kitchen door.

All of them were instantly on edge, especially when they heard from Fred and George what had happened in Diagon Alley. They looked at Ginny first, but their sister told them she had not gone yet. She had planned on going, but had lost track of time while doing homework.

Ron on the other hand, was known to have gone, but hadn't returned.

While Molly went to open the door, Arthur looked at his children, "There was indeed an attack on Diagon Alley this afternoon. One was supposed Death Eaters were attacking at random. Sadly almost all of them were able to get away, except one."

He took a deep breath, "Ron has been arrested on suspected terrorist activity on word of Albus Dumbledore in an effort to discredit the Dark Side. He… I… We called you here to let you know we're casting him out. This has gone too far, especially with what your mother has told me about the way he is treating your mother and sister, among other things."

Before they could ask more about this, Molly appeared again, Lucius at her side.

"Arthur, sorry to barge in like this. We just got word that Dumbledore knows and plans to make sure that no one can dispute what he did, nor that anyone can betray him. I have no idea how he got this information, all I know is that he's about to arrive. You need to take

your children and go."

While initial panic was all that came to mind, two wizards entered after Lucius - both with black hair and their wands at the ready.

"Hurry, get yourselves out of the Burrow, these men will take you to a safe place."

In an effort to show that these men were on their side (especially after everything Molly and Arthur got to know about Albus Dumbledore today) Molly and Ginny went first. Followed not long after that by Fred and Fleur, George and Bill, Percy and Charlie, only to be shot at by spells from outside of their home.

Arthur stayed behind, following Lucius outside to get out of the line of fire.

What he saw once there was several of Dumbledore's lacky's in Death eater get-up firing at the Burrow, all the while the man himself was staring at a dark haired teen who held his wand in hand. He must have managed to disarm him, making him less of a treat.

"Everyone got out!"

With that, Lucius took a hold of Arthur and apparated, closely followed by the three other men still on the field around his house. He would mourn his home, it might not be much, but it was built with his own hands. Now all that would be left was a burned out husk.

Chapter 30

They had Lucius go and knock on the door as soon as they arrived at the Burrow, for all that Harry could feel the family inside it took quite a while before anyone came to open the door, making them all fear that they had been too late to do anything.

Seeing Lucius being ushered inside made them all sigh in relief. Sirius and Severus followed not long after when they heard the pops of apparating. The so-called Light side had arrived, willing to kill off one of the oldest families in Britain for the sole fact that their youngest son had betrayed Dumbledore - or at least, had done so in the eyes of the old man.

“Remus, protect that door. We need to make sure that Siri and Severus can get everyone out. I know Lucius can protect himself, but in the event they need heavy lifting I think you’re best on stand-by.”

The werewolf nodded and approached the front door, holding up his thumb to indicate that he could indeed hear, and smell Sirius and Severus disappearing and appearing again.

Turning around at the approaching footsteps, Tom made sure to slide in front of Harry, no need to let the old man know that his supposed pawn was still alive. Plus, giving him a clear view of Tom made sure that the man was distracted enough not to unleash his full magical force onto the Burrow.

“Ah, Albus, always a pleasure.”

The Old Coot sneered at him, well aware that his facade had fallen a very long time ago. In fact, the reason he was so against Tom getting any sort of power, or any high position, was because he knew what

the Slytherin heir could do to his reputation.

"Tom, I knew you were hiding out there somewhere like the snake you are."

Tom's face pulled into a grimace, "You mean making sure the world isn't dying under the things that you're doing to it? Or did you really think that your extremist ways would never be discovered.

In fact, that's why you're here, isn't it. To make sure that one of the oldest Light families isn't able to tell the world what you really are. Their youngest, one of your own pawns spilled the beans, so now you'll be making sure that the whole family is silenced. Isn't that right?"

Looking at the other wizards and witches congregating behind the old coot, he told them, "Are you sure you want to follow a man that would turn on you the moment you aren't useful to him anymore? I mean, look at what he plans to do to the Weasley family."

Some of those standing there did a step back, freezing when Dumbledore glared at them. While they stood there, he turned again and shot a spell into the direction of Tom. No doubt hoping to take out the Burrow and the Dark Lord in one swoop.

What he didn't expect was for Tom to block his barrage of spells, aided by Harry who stayed behind the larger man, biding his time for when the old coot was wide open. The wand in the wan's hand was calling to him, and already he could see that it was coming to recognize him as its master instead of the man who wielded it.

If this was the way he came by the Elder Wand, that would be even better than having to win it on a battlefield surrounded by a lot more

people than they were now. Right now, with those few that had fled once they heard what they were here to do, all that was left was Dumbledore and a small handful of people.

Tom, glancing at Harry, started calling out the old man again, hoping that by doing so he could keep the man's attention focused on him. Giving those in the Burrow the time to get out of there. Some spell fire still hit the crooked home, setting it on fire higher up - most likely in the bedrooms.

What was the world coming to if the so-called Light Lord was willing to kill off one of the oldest Light families for a reason that was totally his own doing. The fact that he was not even acknowledging that fact was just sad. It was high time that Dumbledore realised that the act was done, that more and more people were looking through it. Especially when the whole thing with Ronald Weasley and what he had wanted to do here, came to light.

"There is no way you can turn, Albus, this is where your reign of terror stops! You're destroying our world and everything in it, yet you seem to think that you are saving it!

If you're saving it, you wouldn't need to conduct raids to keep people afraid of something that isn't even there, you're just afraid of what an actual balanced world looks like. Even more than you fear those people who are magically stronger because of the creature blood they carry! That's why you killed Arianna, isn't it!"

The rage in the old man's eyes was a warning sign before his spellfire turned erradicat. He just started waving his wand around himself, not caring who he hit - and while Harry and Tom were able to protect themselves and Remus (as well as the door he was guarding) those that had stood with Dumbledore weren't so lucky.

Some of those people wouldn't be getting up again soon, if ever.

Frowning, Harry took a step from behind Tom, making the man look at him, most likely recognizing his eyes as those once looking back from Lily Potter née Evans when he killed her.

The shock of seeing him there was enough time for Harry to cast an expelliarmus and catch the wand that flew at him. He could feel the bound forming the moment the knotted wood touched his hand. The bond he had with Lord Death became infinitely stronger just from the title he now held officially.

The shock at the bond finally snapping into place was enough for one of the last people still standing on Dumbledore's side to cast an overpowered blast hex at the Burrow, making one of the outer walls explode.

In the next moment, however, Lucius came out with Arthur Weasley at his side. Yelling at them that everyone got out. Which was their signal to get the hell out of there. Which they did, to the yelling of Dumbledore at losing the Elder Wand.

Molly was still shaking from where Sirius Black had left her, the seat next to her was filled with Narcissa Malfoy, something that made her a bit taken aback as neither of them were on the best of terms. Even more so when it was, had been, her son that had hurt her son and heir.

Ginny was leaning her head on a blond haired girl's shoulder, and she could recognize Xeno's daughter everywhere. Even if the blond didn't come over for playdates anymore, she knew from Ginny that the two

of them were on friendly terms in Hogwarts. In fact, Ginny had been scared that the blond, and her Muggleborn friend - Hermione Granger - wouldn't want anything to do with her after how Ron had treated them.

"Lady Malfoy, how is your son?"

Narcissa smiled, "Just call me Cissa, Molly. It would be so much easier seeing as we turned a new leaf, no?"

The red haired woman gave a weak smile, before she sobbed a few times again. The blond mother of the twoo just patted her shoulder, "I think that this all has been going on for way too long, don't you. Everything will turn out all right, I know everyone will be here and they will be just fine."

Just as she said this Fred and Fleur were apparated in, the silvery blond girl a little green, taking the bucket that was handed to her by Luna the moment Severus released her. She used it to throw up, vanquishing it as soon as she stopped vomiting.

Luna indicated to the chair she had been using before. The part-veela took the seat graciously, accepting the glass of water she was given not long after. What she did next however, was what made Molly take action.

With her hand still resting on her stomach, Molly approached, "Fleur-dear, are you alright?"

The French woman nodded, a soft smile on her face, "We 'ad wanted to tell you and papa and the others sooner. We didn't think that 'is would 'appen."

Molly gasped, Ginny coming to the same conclusion, “You’re pregnant!?”

Fleur nodded, beaming up at them, “Oui, about 6 weeks, so still early.”

She grimaced, “Ze morning sickness is ‘orrible.”

Narcissa approached, “May I? I’m a licensed mediwitch, it might just be better to check. I don’t think anything is wrong, but checking never hurts anyone.”

Just as Bill was aparated in together with George, Narcissa nodded, “Your baby is just fine, Mrs. Weasley, Mr. Weasley. There is nothing to worry about.”

Bill, even though he was being patted on the back by his brothers (even the just appeared Percy and Charlie), was smiling at Fleur, pressing a kiss to her forehead. Just happy that they were all alright.

The oldest Wealsey son looked around, his eyes wide as he took in what was going on around them.

“We’re in the Inn.”

A voice from the bar answered, “Indeed you are, Mr. Weasley. When word reached us we set out to make sure that one of the oldest British families wouldn’t be killed off by a madman on a powertrip.”

Chuckled from behind them had them looking at Sirius Black, Remus Lupin, Severus Snape and Lucius Malfoy - as well as their father - the four other men looking at the man at the bar who had spoken.

“Relax a bit, Dimitriv, you know that they are just shocked, the Inn is mostly a refuge for those dark inclined. Given that William works with the goblins, I’m sure he heard about the Inn before.”

The man - vampire - rolled his eyes, “I swear, ever since He took ever, I should have known the goblins loves us even more. I couldn’t even recognize my own life’s work after being gone for a year, all because of the work my heir did to the Inn.”

A young voice from the door spoke, “Ah, Dimi, you do care!”

The vampire spun around, as did most of the people in the Inn, a hush fell over the crowd as two men made their way to the centre of the room. One of them had a head of short dark brown hair and vivid red eyes, his pale skin contrasting quite nicely with his hair and eyes. His features betray a pureblood heritage - but not one they immediately recognized. (Even if the eyes gave it away).

The other man was just as pale, especially with his black hair, unnatural green eyes and the birthmark on his forehead/temple. He too had the features befitting a pureblood scion, and while his features were familiar, almost all of them were looking at the wand the man held in his hand.

Sirius barked out a laugh, “Oh this is great, you disarmed him. That’s yours now, more than it already was, isn’t it.”

Harry grinned at that, nodding, waving the wand slightly to get used to it. From today on he would be able to use the title Master of Death, and the Innkeeper, simultaneously.

“Yes, yes it is. And that without even having to try a lot.”

Tom grinned down at him, “I will treasure the look on the Old Coot’s face for a long time to come. Thanks for that, love.”

Chapter 31

Luna started grinning, as Tom and Harry realised what had just been said. The others who had a hunch just turned towards the blond teenager to see her smiling, knowing that this had been going on for longer than any of them were aware.

The Weasley clan, as well as Draco, Hermione and Narcissa, looked from the two men at the door, to the others in the Inn itself. Not really knowing what was going on - only that it was something expected by those regulars, or living in, the Inn.

Harry just shook his head, “This had to come out somehow, I never expected any of us to keep it quiet as we did the last year.”

Luna just let out her thinkering laugh, grinning as she held out her hand to cash in the bet she had won. Just as she knew she would, and one of the main reasons why she had kept all of this quiet.

Dimitriv, Sirius, Remus and Severus looked like they wanted to come and talk to Tom for a moment, before all four of them changed their minds. They knew the Dark Lord for a long time already, and had believed that he and Harry would be a perfect fit. There was no reason the man who had done so much for all of them, for the community, and for the Dark Side, would suddenly turn out to be a whole different man just because he was dating their godson/nephew.

If anything, he was the perfect match. Both of them had duties that were directly connected to the community. And both already years within the community itself, to make sure that it could thrive and was protected from those that wanted to harm all of them.

Something that had been proven once again, when Dumbledore was

willing to take out one of the oldest Light families, for the single reason that their youngest child was a danger to the mask he presented to the world. Even if that mask had been cracked for years now, and the only reason the Old Coot lept it on was as a front towards his followers, to make them all believe that the cause was not yet lost.

Tom glanced at the pack of redheads, and one blonde, “Mr Weasley, Mrs. Weasley, I trust that you are all in good health?”

The plumpier woman nodded, looking over her husband, their children and their daughter-in-law, “We are because of you and yours, sir. Except for the shock at what happened and the realisation of the truth, I think all of us are alright.”

Tom nodded, “I am glad to hear that. You will be provided with rooms here at the Inn, that is unless my lover has a problem with that?”

Said lover shook his head, passing by them to go and look at the rooms he still had available that were close together. As to make sure that the family didn’t need to be seperated after what had happened to them.

As he returned with several keys in hand, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley looked at each other, “I don’t think we’ll be able to afford that many rooms, sir.”

Harry just smiled, “This doesn’t cost you a knut, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. The Inn is, and forever will be a sanctuary for those that need a place to stay. Worst case scenario, as there are quite a lot of people in residence right now would be that others come to ask you for a favor.

If what I heard from Luna is true, you're a fair hand at knitting, are you not? People might come to you for help with a scarf, or to commission a sweater as most of us aren't able to go outside and buy stuff like that. We do try, but it never seems to be enough.

It will never be enough, not while Dumbledore stays too close to power and corrupts all that is around him."

He looked at them sadly, "I am sorry to hear about your son. He fell for the mask Dumbledore has been putting on for ages now, a mask that most of us were able to look through, but were never believed about."

With that he made a follow me motion and led the family out of the main room up the stairs and showed them the family set of rooms he had given them. They were a set of four rooms where they would all be staying. Connected inside with doors to and from the other rooms, as to give the appearance of a family room/apartment.

Leaving them to it after pressing the keys into Mr. Weasley's hand, he told them to just come find any of them, or ask anyone they saw, about the Innkeeper, or his entourage. It would lead them straight to him.

Back downstairs, Lucius took his seat next to his wife again, looking at their son where the teen was sitting up. He was talking to Luna and Hermione, both young women glad that he was healed again (even if Luna had been certain that everything would turn out alright the moment she saw Harry and Tom on the battlefield).

Narcissa smiled at her husband, "They'd make a great pair don't

they?"

The man nodded, "If you had told me that Draco would be marrying a Muggleborn, I'd have never believed you before. But to see the obvious affection between the two of them - as well as the knowledge that she's descended from Blackthorn, makes it a very good match."

Narcissa smiled, "Good, because I already get along better with Hermione as my future daughter-in-law, than I ever would have been able with Pansy Parkinson."

Lucius opened and closed his mouth a few times, before he sighed, "You have a point there, my love. Shall we tell Draco now?"

Narcissa shook her head, "Let's wait until after he's on his feet again. And until Hermione has had a chance to go and do a blood test with the goblins before we take any other measures."

Humming, had them all looking up at Harry, the Innkeeper appearing once more from where he had made sure the Weasleys were settled in.

"About that, Ms. Granger, if you're still willing I have a Goblin who'll be joining us at the Inn later tonight. He was more than willing to take with him the tools needed to take a blood test and talk about the results afterwards."

Hermione gasped, but nodded, "I'd like that very much. Thank you, Lord Peverell."

Harry shook his head, "It's really no issue, and please, call me Harry."

The Muggleborn gaped at that, before she looked at Luna and Draco. So far only Luna and now Harry had been willing to let her call them by their first name so soon after meeting. Even Draco needed a little longer, to agree to be called Draco by her. In the end she was on a first name basis with just about everyone who mingled together after school hours - but that hadn't been without struggles and some set-backs.

To know that an actual lord didn't mind her calling him Harry - which was also a shortened version of his name, was quite mind blowing.

Luna just smiled; "Harry has always been a bit special. And with the fact that most of the people around him are either family or close friends - he doesn't like being called by his title; except Innkeeper - he doesn't mind that one - the others on the other hand are only his because his parents and family died when he was a child, and they were given to him."

She shook her head, "For all that he is a very powerful person, he doesn't flaunt it, and just that part of him makes people like to follow his lead."

She looked at the taller man who was embracing her best friend, "And it helps that your lover is the Dark Lord, they have been quite close for years now. But the next step in their relationship only came recently. Well, fairly recent, just after Harry's 16th birthday - and while some might call it young, he's always been around adults for most of his life.

Living in the Inn has also prepared him for the realness that it lives on a daily basis. Especially with all the things Dumbledore and his ilk are trying to pull. He's been the person people are coming to, to get healed, as they can't go to St Mungo's, and he loves it."

Draco blinked at her, “But that mark?”

Luna nodded, “He’s very much a Necromancer. And with the Elder Wand in his grasp, very much the Master of Death, but he likes healing just the same and excels at it much to everyone’s surprise.”

Draco hummed at that, before he looked at Harry and Tom, both who he non knew had known his father for quite some time. And both who even he, as someone new, could see had a certain pull between them. It was very humbling to see, and to know that because of these men they were all still standing.

As expected when Silvertooth visited them, he took Hermione aside to give her the needed things for the blood test. While he explained it to her, Luna and Draco stayed with her - in part to clarify anything that she didn’t understand and in part to be there when the reveal took place.

After making sure the three teens were aware of what needed to happen, and had time to ask their questions, the boglin left them alone to go and speak with the Innkeeper, and the Dark Lord. He too had heard of what happened in Diagon Alley, and the fact that one of Dumbledore’s cronies had been caught in the act made it all the more sweeter.

Even if he had come to the Inn to talk to Harry about his still increasing fortune, he was also there in name of the Goblin nation, that they were willing to give any evidence needed, as long as Albus Dumbledore disappeared into Azkaban or any dark and empty hole for the rest of his life.

Tom grinned sharply at that, nodding to Lucius so the man could make sure this information was passed on to Amelia Bones. Even more so when the trial went along as planned tomorrow - they had after all, all felt the magic waving through them from the rooms the Weasleys were in. The casting out of Ronald is complete (if only because those that went to check on them could hear Molly Weasley sobbing her heart out).

A gasp from Hermione made them all look into the direction of the three teens. The witch holding onto the paper in her hand was looking at it as if it was gold. Her eyes were still taken in what was appearing on it, as was Draco - who was looking over her shoulder.

Luna on the other hand, was sitting down still, a pleased smile on her face at the knowledge that she was right. That Hermione wasn't a muggleborn after all, and would be happily wed to Draco in a few summer's time.

Giving the parchment to the goblin that approached, Silvertooth looked at the information on it, his eyes also widening, before a very toothy grin made its way onto his face.

"I will make sure your vaults are activated again, Lady Blackthorn, should there be anything else Gringotts can do for you, be sure to let us know. It was a pleasure doing business with you."

With that, he copied the scroll, said a few words in parting to Harry and Tom and made his way out of the Inn. His mission more than complete, and the pleased smirk on his face letting those in the bank know that their future was more than set, that times would be changing and soon.

The fact that he revived a known died out family only added to that, and to the excitement the goblins were already feeling. Soon it would be their time to shine.

Chapter 32

Amelia Bones couldn't control her disgust when she heard what had almost happened to the Weasley family. The corpses they found on their front lawn were enough of an indication that something had happened.

When Ronald, formerly Weasley, yelled out when the family magic was ripped from him, she knew for sure that the family had survived. Something that made her sigh in relief. While they lost touch, she had gone to school with Molly and Arthur - to know that something might have happened to them because of what their youngest son had done - would be devastating.

When Lucius Malfoy appeared before her with the explanation of what had happened, with the memories both of himself and Arthur, to confirm what had happened, she had blown up. To know that the Old Coot had gone so far. As he couldn't get to Ronald, he thought to kill the redheads family in a twisted sort of retribution.

After everything that was happening, and had already happened, the man should have known that more and more people were looking through his mask. Yet, he kept trying to keep it up, even going so far as trying to kill off one of the oldest families on British soil. And for what, to keep a cover that was already blown.

"I don't care what it takes, but I want to take the man down. Between Ronald's confession, other people who have been telling us what has happened to them - but don't have proof - and now this, that man is as good as dead."

Looking at Lucius, she added, "Your companions who I saw, would they be willing to testify."

Lucius opened and closed his mouth, “That depends on how open minded you are willing to be, Madam Bones.”

She blinked at that, until she remembered that one of those men had red eyes - something that only one person in the last 100 years had - the other man (the younger) had a very recognizable birthmark on his face.

She sighed, “I think that I am willing to take my chances with those that have been branded evil and bad by Dumbledore and his folk. Especially with everything that has been coming to light of late. If they are willing to attend, I’ll make sure nothing happens to them.”

Lucius nodded, “I’ll make sure to ask if they are willing to come. Should I ask the same thing of the Weasleys?”

Amelia blinked, before she nodded, “If you could, then yes please. Would it also be possible to get the contact information of Tedrick Parston, I do believe he has been waiting for this moment for the last 20 years.”

Lucius snorted, but took out a business card he kept from Tedrick, giving it to Amelia.

“He might just do this for free, after the trials of the past years, just to be sure the Old Coot will be thrown behind bars for everything that he did, or tried to do.”

Amelia smiled, before a frown took over her face. She looked at the card in her hands before she sighed.

“Everything that is going to happen now, will forever change our world, Lucius.”

The Malfoy nodded, “It will, madam Bones, but I do believe that it will be for the better. With Dumbledore out of the picture, people might just start thinking for themselves. When that happens, who knows what might happen.”

The woman looked at him, sighed, “I guess that might be an outcome, eventually. After all, before that can happen we’ll have to deal with the shitshow that is Dumbledore and the people he brainwashed.”

She looked into the direction of the holding cells, “I do believe that Ronald is getting the consequences of his actions. He hasn’t once asked about Dumbledore, not after the first day. As soon as the Weasley family magic was taken from him, he’s been calling for his parents the past hour. I don’t think they’ll come.”

Lucius shook his head, “They’re not his parents anymore. They severed that bond to make sure that he is in no way connected to them. After everything he confessed to doing, and all he could have done had Tom not stopped him, I don’t want to think about it.”

Amelia nodded, “How are they all, honestly.”

Lucius opened and closed his mouth a few times, before pursing his lips, “They are adapting, but safe and not hurt. At least, not hurt physically, mentially is something else - this was still their son or brother. To know that he did this, it is very traumatic. Add to that, that they just lost their house, and were almost killed by Albus Dumbledore - someone who has been the epitome of light for the last 100 years, it will leave them some wounds.”

Amelia sighed, “I should have guessed that this wouldn’t be anything that can be dealt with by locking up the instigator of all this. Who has been the voice of reason, corrupting us for generations, all because he seemed to be the benevolent, great and fair leader we needed during and after the war with Grindelwald.”

Lucius licked his lips, “Are we so sure that Grindelwald did everything that Dumbledore told us he did. After all, the two are old friends - have been spending the summers together since they were 14. There were even rumours of them being more involved then was first believed. What if that was the start. Where Dumbledore was willing to throw his lover to the wolves if it meant he could keep going unbothered.”

Amelia gaped at him, her face paling rapidly, before she turned, yelling that someone had to get her the German minister, or a representative, as soon as possible.

Lucius waited for a moment, before he too turned and made his way to the floo. He needed to get back to the inn.

He was quite sure that Tom was willing to come to the ministry to testify against Dumbledore. But if he would let his younger lover leave the Inn for something like that. Especially after the trouble they went through to make sure that Dumbledore never found out that Harry Potter lived.

But that would be a step they’d take then. For now, he knew that he needed to get back and tell the inhabitants of the Inn, including one Aberforth Dumbledore, that Albus was being exposed to the last nerve. He wouldn’t be able to recover from this, not in the slightest.

And he would be happy to tell the other man that Grindelwald might just get a retrial, to make sure that the world knew to what measures

Dumbledore was willing to go, to keep his facade on.

If the younger Dumbledore was willing to come along, he might even find justice for what happened to their younger sister and how Albus had been the one to kill her when she presented as a magical creature - something that had been in the Dumbledore line for ages. Arianna Dumbledore had been one of the first sirens who had popped up in the British Isles again, and she never lived to adulthood, being killed by her oldest brother for what she was.

Arriving back in the Inn, everyone was looking at him - asking with their eyes how it went.

“She asked for the contact information of Tedrick, not only that, but she was making moves to contact the Germans to get their view on what happened with Grindelwald. We’re starting this, even if it doesn’t end in war, we know that soon Albus Dumbledore won’t be in power anymore. He threw in his own windows and he will find that the world - instead of reaching towards him - will be happy to throw him away to rot just like all those people that had been in Azkaban because he needed them removed.”

Bella, who had been sitting with her sister, turned and yelled; “Hear, hear!”

Much to everyone’s amusement. Most of those in the Inn knew that the Lestange woman was getting sick and tired of having to stay inside. Not that she was a danger to society (or at least not more than any other Black) but because of who she was. And the fact that she was known as a follower of the Dark Lord.

No one wanted to lose her, as such she had been ordered to stay inside, or floo to the Malfoy Manor if she wanted to go somewhere else, but risking her recapture and most likely death was not something any of them wanted.

Tom sighed, listening when Lucius explained to him what Amelia had asked of them. Looking around, the Dark Lord was well aware that the whole Inn would be willing to come to testify against Dumbledore. But some people needed to stay here just in case.

Looking at his lover, however, he was well aware that Harry would want to come. Nothing could stop the Potter-Peverell Lord from coming to this trial. He wanted justice for his parents, for his godfathers, and for the people he had to heal after what they had been through at the hands of Dumbledore and his cronies, but most of all he wanted it for those that couldn't be saved. Those that had died because of the twisted worldview the man had off the world - and how he had used his influence to upset the balance so much that if he stayed in power the world would die in a few more years time.

Tom sighed, "I suggest we keep the group that will go to the trial small. We don't want to give his supporters any more victims, we will however return victorious I'm sure of that."

A cheer went through the Inn, the relief in so many people noticeable, at the fact that Dumbledore would be pushed off of his self-made title and thrown.

The hall where the trial would be held was quickly filling up. The news that charges were being brought up against Albus Dumbledore of all people was something that a lot of people weren't willing to believe. On the other side, a lot of people hoped that the man would

finally be tried and convicted for everything he has done over the years.

Amelia had to nod at the delegation of Germany that arrived not long after the doors opened, several other prominent countries (among those the USA, France, China and Russia) had also sent a delegation - all of those with a list of things Albus Dumbledore was guilty of.

Several Dumbledore supporters had been removed already, after they tried to hex her. But the man in question was still absent, not that she believed this to last long, he would want to make an entrance, thinking that by doing so he would throw them off course and secure himself his victory.

But with the testimonies lined up, as well as Ronald's confession, she knew her case was ironclad. If there were people here that tried to stall, or otherwise aid Dumbledore, she could take them down right with the Old Coot. The community didn't need people like that holding it back, not after everything Dumbledore did in the last 100 years that set them back so very much.

From the people she had heard in the last 24 hours alone, there had always been people who had known who Albus Dumbledore really was; but they had all been silenced - by blackmail, threats, or even death.

Standing, she made abang erupt from her wand.

"I now open the Wizengamond trial of the Ministry, and several civilians, against Albus Dumbledore and his following. If the accused could make himself known, we can start with this."

When nothing happened, Amelia narrowed her eyes, widening when a

spell was tossed in her direction. Only for it to never hit - it did however show her where Dumbledore had been hiding in the crowd. She sent several aurors to detain the man, and to lead him to the chair, where he was bound by the chains hanging there.

The man was looking terrible, deranged and not at all like the mask he tried to present for himself. Maybe this would be easier than she'd believed it would be.

Going by the shocked faces in the crowd, the mask this man had been wearing for so long, had finally come off for all of the people in Britain, and maybe even further.

"Let us start this. Are you Albus Dumbledore, former Lord Dumbledore and accused in this trial?"

Chapter 33

The room waited for an answer to come from the bound man in the middle of the room, his glare was directed to the seated council, of which Amelia was a part of. Even if he didn't answer, they were all well aware of who he was, and what he'd done.

Only just now, he had attacked Amelia in this very room. Trying to strike her down in a way to escape justice.

"I am indeed Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Lord Dumbledore as far as I remember. And I don't know why I should be bound in chains here, Amelia, I am not guilty of anything."

Amelia almost snorted at that, the nerve of this man, to act like he hadn't done anything wrong. Even when a whole room had seen the sickly yellow light directed at her, from his wand even.

"Don't try to act innocent, Dumbledore. We've all seen you throw that spell. Ever since the retrials a few years ago, we're all very much aware of the fact that you're much more than you seem.

You've been bound in accordance with the rules of this chamber, that an accused can't harm those in here, just as much as the chains protect the accused from those in this room in the event that you should be innocent of the crimes committed."

Amelia looked at the papers in front of her, "I can already tell you that according to the testimonies I got these past few days, as well as the re-trials taking place here in this very chamber, the chances of you being proved innocent in all this, are zero."

This seemed to do something to the old man, as his face contorted into something quite ugle at that knowledge. The Old Coot no doubt believed that he had a chance to plead innocent for all this. But then again, he only knew Ronald had been caught, not that the man had confessed to everything.

This was the end of Albus Dumbledore, it had gone on long enough, with results that scared the whole community. Especially seeing how so many things Dumbledore promised people, as well as things he warned them for were being proven that he'd been the cause of them.

Looking around, next to her, Amelia cleared her throat, "We'll start with the testimonies of those that have come forward themselves. As soon as they have had their turn, you'll have a chance to defend yourself, Mr. Dumbledore.

If that is all, I think it'll be best if we'll begin."

As soon as she said this, the room descended into silence once more. Several people were glaring at either Amelia - for the nerve of her to dismiss what Dumbledore was saying and most likely, for the fact that she dared to go against him. Others were glaring at Dumbledore, those that had either experienced, heard about or had the facts presented to them knew who was really behind the events of the last 50 years.

She couldn't even blame any of them for acting this way, a lot of them - even those still in denial - had lost so much, all because of Dumbledore's God Complex.

Amelia took a deep breath, "The first witness called to the stand in the case of the Ministry vs. Albus Dumbledore, is Ronald, formerly

Weasley, who stands accused of impersonating a person known as a Death Eater, terrorism and genocide of our own race."

The room bursted into sound at that, even more so when Ronald was led to the witness stand, his once Weasley red hair a more muted brown - he was still very recognizable, only his Weasley traits were removed from his person. As such, no one could relay the claim of the family casting him out for his crimes.

As Ronald took the seat, Dumbledore tried to stand, the look in his eyes letting them all know that the man was very aware of what would happen now.

Ronald looked down as he told the room of the things that had been told to him, about what Dumbledore had done, what he should do, and even how he should take what he thought belonged to him - after all, he was a Weasley - had been one - and was a Light Family, people should be happy to be around him (even if he was a greedy, short sighted and misogynistic pig of a boy).

When he told the room about the attack on Diagon Alley and how Dumbledore believed it would win people to his side once more, she could see people starting to turn green at the thought of how Dumbledore was able to poison so young minds.

When he told the room about his intentions to rape two yougn woman, for the only reason that they didn't give him the time of day. In part because he had never been nice to them to begin with, and because they believed in a united and grey world, befriending Draco Malfoy of all people. Who in his eyes was a Dark Slimy Snake, while he was a Golden Boy under Dumbledore's banner.

Several women in the room, those behind Dumbledore, and those against him, were crying at that. To rape a magical woman, was to

take away her first night with whoever she chose to have it with. As Witches, this was something special, and treasured. To know that a Scion of the Light had been led to believe that he was entitled to that, was just frightening.

As soon as Ronald was led away, the majority of the room was looking at Dumbledore with something akin to betrayal in their eyes.

Amelia nodded, “Next, we’d like to call Tom Riddle up to the witness chair.”

Dumbledore looked up at this, his face pale at seeing the Dark Lord taking his seat in the chair next to the higher bench the Wizengamont was seated on.

“Mr. Riddle, can you tell me how you know Albus Dumbledore?”

Tom blinked, “He was the person to come and tell me that I was a wizard. At that time I was a resident in a muggle orphanage. He appeared to be very kind and understanding, until such a time that I told him I could speak to snakes.

At the time I didn’t know, but I was a descendent of Salazar Slytherin, and after the disappearance of the family magicks from my mother and her family, I was the first one who seemed to display them. My mother’s family, the Gaunts, could speak Parseltongue, but their level of magic was almost squib-like.”

He took a deep breath, “After telling me about Hogwarts I was left at the orphanage for the rest of the summer, and every summer until I turned 17. I want to spare you the details, but know that Muggle London was under fire at those times from the muggle World War.

As an oddity, I wasn't treated kindly, and am aware that had I not possessed magic, I would have died in that building."

Looking at Dumbledore, Tom added, "But this was something Dumbledore knew, as I both told him, and I know he looked at the memories in my head. But he needed a new adversary after the defeat of Gellert Grindelwald - and in his eyes, a descendant of Salazar Slytherin, and a way to point fingers at the Slytherin house, would be the best way to go about it.

I am not afraid to confess that I am a Dark Lord, deemed so by Mother Magic herself, in an effort to save the part of the community that Dumbledore liked to forget, and even worked to get rid of on an active basis.

I have never harmed another being, unless it was to defend myself, even the muggle children that bullied me as a child were harmed when I was driven over the edge. As soon as I graduated however, despite rumours of a new Dark Lord rising, I never directed my wand towards another being to do them harm."

Amelia swallowed, "Yet there is supposed proof of you murdering Lily and James Potter."

Tom shook his head, "Whatever proof provided, is from Dumbledore's own hand. After all, it was he that killed Lord and Lady Potter."

Amelia knew what the Potter's wills said, and after speaking to Sirius Black, he knew the Dark Lord was telling the truth. However, they needed hard proof for that to be taken as the truth by the population.

“Do you have proof of this?”

Tom shook his head, seeing the smile appear on Dumbledore’s face, until he smiled, “I don’t, but their son has.”

Amelia looked at the next name on her list, and hadn’t that been a shocker, just as much as it would be for the people once they saw the young man that would stand before them.

“Releasing Tom Riddle from the witness seat, the court called Hadrian Potter-Peverell to the seat.”

A hush fell over the crowd, Harry Potter hadn’t been seen in years. There was no way that the young man was here now.

That was until Harry stepped out of the crowd, his longish hair pulled back from his face that made many think that the Black blood was very prominent in the young lord. In fact, he looked strikingly like his godfather at that moment.

His green eyes looked over the crowd before landing on a dumbstruck Dumbledore, locking eyes with Amelia, he nodded, before taking the stand. Making a show of brushing his bangs out of his face, resulting in the crows sucking in a breath at the sight of the birthmark on his forehead, temple and eye.

The fact that he was wearing the Deathly Hallows symbol also seemed to mean something, as several people paled at seeing it. At seeing the wand peeking out of his sleeve. It would seem that some myth came true after all, and at a time that they needed it the most.

“Lord Potter, I hear you have prove of Tom Riddle accusations of the murder of you parents?”

The young man nodded, before his eyes glowed, “I guess you could say that. In a way, I do have proof of what happened. I also have proof of other crimes he committed - the only problem is that the people who knew about them aren’t alive anymore, but more than willing to spill about that.”

As had been told to her, a chill seemed to creep into the room. A specter of Lord Death appeared behind the young lord, before the people he had mentioned to her before appeared standing in front of - or next to him. Most prominent, Lily and James Potter, Arianna Dumbledore and to their confusion, Nicolas and Perenelle Flamel.

Needless to say with such a revelation, and the information given to them by these already deceased people, it was a simple vote of who found Dumbledore guilty and who didn’t.

Even if it was to save their own hide, not even his biggest supporters were willing to jump in the fire for the man now. He was convicted of all the charges laid against him, before he was taken away spitting and raging that he was doing this, had done this, for the betterment of the World.

It had been Harry, Lord Potter-Peverell, Heir Black, and the Master of Death, who had looked at the man, before declaring, “Nothing you ever did was for the betterment of the World, Albus Dumbledore, it was for your own Utopia. Nothing would have made it if they went through with it.

As a matter of fact, you murdered people based on their magical nature, their creature inheritance, and their willingness to follow you blindly or not. In the past 50 years the number of squibs have tripled, and the death of infants and children has doubled. Think about that when you're in Azkaban - after all, we can't expect a man who murdered his own sister for her inheritance, and was willing to throw away his lover so he could pretend some longer is someone who has even the slightest need to better the world.

Have fun living in your delusions, they won't be there for us to live through anymore. We'll work together as Mother Magic wants, in making the community a safe place for everyone."

Cheering went up at that declaration.Making Amelia silence the room, so the verdict for Ronals could also be spoken - the young man was also sentenced to Azkaban, even if it would only be 3 years. He knew that once out of their prison, he wouldn't be having anywhere to return to.

Amelia smiled at the end of the trial, nodding to Tom and Harry as the men looked at her. It had worked, they had managed to clear the air and start fresh - or they would be able to start fresh soon enough. The new era started now.

Chapter 34

The look of joy on the people they told what had happened when they entered the inn was something that none of them would ever forget - the biggest thorn in their sides and the person that was responsible for taking away so many of their freedoms and rights was rotting away in Azkaban.

The witness accounts of James and Lily, Arianna, Perenelle and Nicolas was what most people needed to turn their back onto the 'Lord of the Light', especially when Lily and James admitted to wanting to switch sides as they feared for the life of their child.

After all, Dumbledore and his ilk barely tolerated Sirius and Remus, and that only for what they were - a dark wizard by birth, and a dark creature because they were turned. Neither of them were bad people, but because they weren't light natured, they must be bad people.

The couple had explained that they had a feeling their child wouldn't be light, and with Dumbledore's current politics this might mean the loss of their child. Which almost happened, as Dumbledore did harm baby Harry - but because of his own inheritance (which was indeed Dark) he had survived to be hailed a hero by the same person who had tried to kill him, and who had killed his parents.

Arianna told a somewhat similar story, only she involved her mother in the whole reason why. Kendra Dumbledore had been a Muggleborn witch, and while magical above average, she hadn't been able to cope with the fact that her husband had only married her to get a revival of the level of magic in his children.

There had been no love between the two of them; and Kendra had been happy when the man had been sent to Azkaban after a drunk

fight gave the idea that he attacked a group of muggles (they were all in the wrong place at the wrong time).

However, with his husband in Azkaban, he hadn't been able to tell her that an above average magic level, mostly meant a creature inheritance - be it wholly or in part - which was something Kendra had to find out for herself when Arianna had very powerful accidental magic.

It was only when she wasn't allowed to go to Hogwarts, like her brothers, that Arianna resisted her mother and her true nature was discovered to be that of a Siren, something that Percial Dumbledore had been hoping for (yet, would never know).

Sadly, her mother reacted badly. Thinking Arianna to be a freak and something that needed to be kept under locks and wraps. Something she told the neighbours of their home in Godric's Hollow was because of the girl's bad health and declining mental conditions.

Albus lept it all up, and based his finding about creatures, and the way they should be treated, on his mother's beliefs. Even if they were those of a Muggleborn. His desire to rule Muggles on the other hand, stemmed from his superiority complex. He was magic, and as such better than those without magic, and those who were more beast than men (even if he never believed that magic was a part of the creature inheritance all magical beings possessed).

After their mother had died in a confrontation with Arianna, Albus believed his sister to be the bad one in this whole situation (even if their mother had been the one who locked up her own daughter because of what she was presenting as).

Gellert, who had arrived to live with his grandmother that summer, had found out. He had tried to explain to Albus, gradually, what

Arianna really was. And how his little sister was better than him in so many ways as she was inheriting the creature blood the Dumbledores were so famous for years and years ago.

It was his superiority complex that wouldn't allow him to believe that, and which made him kill his own sister. In an attempt to gather the attention of Gellert. The blond however, while harboring a crush before, got the hell out of England after that - as he had seen the true nature of Albus Dumbledore.

Nicolas and Perenelle picked up on that, telling the room that Albus had been their apprentice after that, and that he was a very polite and amazing young man. Until he found out that there was no such thing as an elixir of life, and the reason they had been living for so long was because of Perenelle's inheritance as a vampire, and the fact that she turned her husband - later in life - so they could be together always.

He had been the one to kill them too, in a fit of rage, when the reason he had found them in the first place didn't appear to exist. He kept up appearances of them still being alive, until such a time he made it public that the couple had chosen to stop using the Philosopher's Stone and pass peacefully in their sleep.

As such it painted the picture of a man who was willing to do anything to achieve what he wanted, or believed he was owed. Going so far as to kill his own sister, and his mentor.

Gellert however, while he did despicable things, had wanted to make sure that things went back to the way they had once been. It was only after that he noticed he had gone about this the wrong way. It didn't help that Albus knew what he could do, and would do, and played into that accordingly.

This in the end made them look at Gellert as the only villain of this

story, while Albus was even as much - if not more so - filling that role. The sad thing was that people didn't see that, they refused to see it like that. Instead they saw a savior, just as Albus had hoped it would go.

This, together with the other testimonies, records found about things that had happened in the Dumbledore household, or in Hogwarts while he was a teacher and headmaster there, was enough to lock him away until the end of his days.

He screamed that they would need him, that the Dark would ruin the world. But no one had the mind to listen to that, to listen to a madman who had wanted to create his own Utopia.

The world seemed to stop spinning for a day or so, as if it needed time to process - as did the people living in it - that there was change on the horizon. Those things would need to change after that. But that change was indeed coming.

So, while the world woke up with the knowledge that the man they thought Albus Dumbledore had been, was nothing but a mask. The inhabitants of the Inn were waking from a hangover from the party they just had last night.

Several people were making plans on getting out now that they weren't in grave danger anymore.

Not with the bulk of Dumbledore's extremists arrested just after the trial, all of those were awaiting their own. Not unlike with Ronals, they would be facing prison time too - to reflect on just what they had been trying to do.

Bellatrix, true to her nature, had taken her sister, Luna and Hermione with her as she exited the Inn for the first time in years. She had smiled the whole way. Her arm was treated through Cissa and Luna's as they made their way to Parlour Square to have a cup of tea and a light brunch in celebration of their freedom.

Some people didn't know what they saw, but went their own way soon enough. They knew better than to question this. Not when this was what needed to happen, with Dumbledore in charge and all the things coming out about what had happened under the man's shadow rule, they needed to change their opinions and fast at that.

Several other women approached the clique of four, finding to their surprise that the Muggleborn - or first generation witch - that was walking with them was bound to marry the Malfoy heir. The fact that they were in love was reason enough for all of them to start gushing about them.

Narcissa grinned as they took their seat at Cup of Joy to enjoy that cup of tea, Bella looking hus as excited, grinning at the younger girls that were accompanying them.

"And people used to think Cissa wasn't a Slytherin, that right there was prime Slytherin behavior. I noticed that was Mrs. Goldstein and Ms. Whiteleigh - the biggest gossip of the older generation. Once they get told a piece of information it gets to just about every ear within the day."

Cissa grinned, squeezing Hermione's hand as she said, "Can't a woman be happy with her future daughter-in-law. Hermione and Draco fit together so well, so I don't see why I shouldn't gush about that."

Luna giggled, “And the fact that this way the Light supporters know that the Malfoys - a known Dark family - will marry in a muggleborn has nothing to do with that.”

Cissa grinned, “I don’t know what you mean, dear. Hermione here is a first generation witch who is the love of my son’s life. The fact that she is also dark fae only helps with convincing Lucius that Draco and Ms. Parkinson isn't that great of a match.”

Hermione blushed at that, seeing as she and Draco had only recently confessed their feelings. Yet his parents were so very accepting of her, in part because she had been open minded and listened to what the Pure Bloods in Hogwarts had taught her.

And while her inheritance, and family name, played a part. She was aware that this wasn’t the biggest part in all this. She had longed for acceptance so much, and here - with the so-called Dark and bad side - she had found it.

It already felt like a major change, and after meeting Tom and Harry - she was so very looking forward to the other changes the couple would be implementing into the Magical Community to make it whole again.

A couple of days after the trial Tom and Harry were invited to the ministry to go over all the laws that had been implemented in the last 1000 or so years, which were blocking them from growing as a community in the way that they needed to grow.

They were lucky that the delegations of the European mainland countries were more than happy to help once they noticed that Great

Britain wanted to change and wanted to go back to their roots. In a way that they had been able to do already.

Dumbledore had been blocking that, and had managed to make it so that a lot of the other European, and even globally, the UK was seen as a backwater, stupid country who didn't want to see what was right in front of them.

By suppressing a great part of their community, they were destroying it.

When it came out that it had been Dumbledore's idea all along, and not everyone was on board with that way of acting. Even more so when the UK handled it on their own and sentenced the Old Coot to prison, they were all more than happy to help them root out the mess that Dumbledore had made.

Tom and Harry stepped up to the plate, more than happy to help with what needed to be done to make the first big changes.

As such the laws on creatures and even the classification, was tossed right out of the window. There was no need for that, not when Tom told those that reacted scared about that, that the community had its own rules about what the humans were afraid of.

Everyone who had lost their way, or who started to turn or kill at random, were tracked and trialed - most even lost their lives as their mind was too broken to recover.

This led to them bringing in different people they knew to tell their side of the story. Even Remus and Fenrir told their version of the events - very different from the rumor that Fenrir liked to kill/turn children for his sick pleasure. Something very much pushed aside

when the werewolf told them all proudly that he had been in a relationship for the last 40 years - with the vampire who had raised Harry Potter so well.

It brought a whole new dimension to all this, and was the first step to allow creature children - those born with their inheritance active already to start Hogwarts in the fall. There would be classes added to get them up to speed as some of them had never gone to school.

These were a lot of changes in a short time, but they were already seeing a difference in the way people acted and how many people were willing to at least try to change their views and way of thinking.

Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

And that's the end!
I want to thank anyone who read, reviewed and left kudos!
I plan on starting to upload the new fic next week.

After the shock of what had been revealed to them wore of, and the first changes were made public knowledge - there had been an outcry when people realised that Tom was indeed the Dark Lord and that Harry - who they all knew now to be Harry Potter - was a natural necromancer.

It was something not a lot of people could wrap their head around, not in the first few days at least. The stigma around Dark Lords and known Dark Creatures is almost too big to overcome.

But slowly, it did happen.

It started small, where people first skeeted away as soon as they noticed someone not fully human coming close to them. Or when they had a customer in their shop who was obviously not human they'd pale and try to act as if they were busy with other things.

The same thing happened to Tom and Harry, especially those first few times the couple went out, or went to the ministry (after people realised who and what they were). They had met the people who still believed the lies Dumbledore told them and who thought that following a darker path would bring them to ruin.

The fact that Harry Potter, who had been known as the image of all good and light, was a Necromancer, a Natural Born one at that. Made people aware that they had to face the lies Dumbledore had told them for all these years. That the man had been covering his own arse, and

seeing as he had been the one to wound baby Harry, he couldn't very well tell the populace that.

So while people were scared, and some even screamed and/or fainted when this happened, it didn't last all that long.

By the time September rolls around some of the changes were already implemented, and were showing to be helping the Community. Already people were feeling better in their community, and were willing to listen to what was being told to them.

Even more so when they realised that Dumbledore made so many things into a dogma, that some of the core truth - as known by the Creature Community - was lost to those first generation witches and wizards which entered their world. Not only that, but even some Light purebloods forgot about their roots and the way this had all begun.

Luckily, the community showed its strength when it came together to educate those that wanted to know where it had gone wrong. Who wanted to learn what had been kept from them.

Even more so when it was revealed that Hogwarts - or teens in the school - already did that, to those not growing up in Wizarding Households and wanted to listen to them.

Hermione, to the surprise of no one, took to the front that she had been one willing to listen, but had been ridiculed for it. For the sole reason that several other Gryffindor girls seemed to think that she was trying to catch up on her social skills (and she had to agree that having friends willing to listen and help helped with that tremendously).

The fact that she now had several prestigious connections was

something that made the girls in question gasp when they noticed the first generation witch arrive on the arm of Draco Malfoy, all the while talking to Luna Lovegood and Ginny Weasley.

The two later girls were holding hands for the world to see, taking a seat at one of the cariages when the train rolled in. The looks of several others around them were filled with jealousy and ire.

They couldn't believe that this was something they were seeing, three houses so close together. With people from all kinds of backgrounds getting along as if they were all friends for ages (they were, but hadn't been able to show that in school when Dumbledore ruled as he saw fit).

Now however, word had it that the new Headmaster would be quite difficult to bride. And wasn't someone who favoured one house. New teachers had also been added to the roster again - one of those, Severus Snape - had been known as a great potions master, but not that good of a teacher. At least to those that didn't know the man, or knew that he was forced to act a certain way under Dumbledore's nose.

Nevertheless, the group of four was looking forward to starting a new year at Hogwarts, this time with the support they needed and the knowledge that the world was slowly turning over normally once more.

Hermione sighed as the train started to move, "I can't believe they all seemed to think that staring at us would be acceptable."

Luna hummed, while Ginny nodded. The redhead added, "It was as if they were seeing a whole new world open in front of them."

Turning to the older Gryffindor, she added, “Did you see Pravati and Lavender looking at you and Draco? I think their eyes would be falling out of their heads.”

Hermione nodded, giggling, “They were always going on and on about how I would never find a husband with the way I looked, dressed and acted. But I think I did rather well for myself, didn’t I, dear?”

Draco looked at his girlfriend, a besotted look on his face, “You did amazingly, my love.”

All three girls giggled, before they quieted. Looking out of the window as the British landscape slowly changed into the Scottish one.

Entering the Great Hall, the impact of what was happening seemed to set in for most of the students. For one, there were no long tables present anymore, instead there were oval tables spread around the hall - all with about 8 to 10 seats. Making it possible to mingle in between year groups, houses and backgrounds.

The four of them took a seat, making sure to wave at the new faces at the head table.

Remus was beaming in the spot reserved for headmaster, the first change of many, that seemed to put people on edge. At least until such a time when a little girl ran forward to hug him across the waist before she approached their table to take a seat with them.

Hermione and Luna beamed, “Selena, did Alpha let you come?”

The little girl nodded, her eyes glowing amber, “He did, because Uncle Remus, Uncle Sirius and Uncle Sev were here. I know more packmates will soon be joining us!”

They all smiled at the 11 year old werewolf, she’d been living in the Inn when they had stayed there. With Fenrir as her blood related uncle, the man had done everything he could to keep her alive, especially after losing his sister (Selena’s mother). Selena had only known the inn, but with all these familiar faces, it wasn’t that big of a surprise that Fenrir had allowed her to attend.

Around them, they could see others taking a seat. Their own table is filled with Susan Bones, Justin Flitch-Flenchely, another 11 year old; Mina - who happened to be a vampire, and a first generation wizard named Karl.

The older teens made sure that all of them were feeling just fine. And that they were adapting to the changes in their life.

When Remus stood, the room went silent, making the werewolf chuckle, “I am glad to see that so many of you chose to return to the halls of learning. As you have all noticed a lot has changed over the course of the summer.

As such, I have the joy to announce that Hogwarts will once again open its doors to more than just its human students. We plan on living by example and showing the Community that things will go back to the way it should be.

While the houses will still exist and function as your dorm appointment, the long tables won’t be brought back. Instead we’d all like you to mingle and get to know the others that run school here.

Classes will also hold a lot more options, and will be evaluated periodically - we don't want you to have a too large workload, just as we want to make sure that the class you're taking is really your cup of tea."

Smiling at the students, he introduces himself, before going down the line - having every teacher stand up and introduce themselves. It brought about a very different atmosphere and made it all less imitading for the new children.

The first years - or those older, but only just joining - were still called to the front to get sorted, their housemates still cheering, along with friends they had made along the way.

Tom grinned as he read through the report Remus, Sirius and Severus sent him about 2 months into the new school year. There was no more house rivalry - unless one counted the quidditch matches - more people were feeling welcome and there had been no intrication, not among those already going to Hogwarts nor for those that only just started.

Several people had approached them in the Inn to thank them for what they were doing, for giving their children a better life than they ever had. And to make sure that the Olde Ways would be implemented again.

Speaking about that, they - Tom and Harry - were planning on making their way to Hogwarts for a Samhain ritual. Harry had already asked, and received, permission from Lord Death to lift the veil away totally, and give those that wanted a chance to reunite with a lost loved one.

It would also bring attention to what Samhain had been supposed to be, and how they had been celebrating it in their own way. At least at the Inn, they didn't need to do things like that in secret.

They were looking forward to doing this, to reconnecting people to their roots, and to see if they couldn't do this more often - wel yearly, seeing as a lot of people lost a loved one in recent years without being able to say goodbye to them.

Tom pressed a kiss to Harry's forehead as he passed the younger man, his eye falling on the ring that was shining on the Potter Lord's finger, "You are excited about this."

Harry nodded, "I think Hogwarts will be shocked to find so many people back for the night. Even more so when a lot of people will come to see us get married by Lord Death."

Tom nodded, "I can't wait."

The Dark Lord would be shocked at finding his parents waiting for him in the Slytherin rooms, both Merope and Tom Sr. smiling at their son (even if they kept their distance from each other) proud of the man he had become, and more than proud to lead him down the altar as Harry was coming from the other direction, his own parents leading him to where Lord Death was waiting.

Luna, and Lucius, their witnesses, were beaming at them as they took their places. Not an eye staying dry in the room as they exchanged vows and promised to stay together, in this life and the next, tying their lived together (which as Harry was a necromancer, turned the both of them semi-immortal)

For ages, it would be talked about - the Death Wedding in Hogwarts that took place at Halloween ‘97, which would signify the tipping point of the Community, the changes and the new era being led by the Dark Lord and the Innkeeper - both with Death’s blessing, ruling until they both decided that the new generations would be just fine and they were able to take their rest with those of their friends and family already passed.

End Notes

Prompts can be submitted here: here If you were to have questions, be sure to reach out to me on my socials linked below.

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I have a discord channel

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